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ADMIRAL MAGRUDER'S BROOM has raised a cloud of dust in the Navy Department that seems to have set the whole Washington staff of arm-chair tars choking. He says in the *Saturday Evening Post* that the department is rotten with inefficiency and extravagance—so much so that "for every dollar expended for repairs it required that nearly four dollars be expended to maintain a navy yard to make repairs." Since 1908 the cost of the navy has quadrupled; it has twice as many men and four times as many officers as twenty years ago. Where 171 officers were on duty in Washington in 1916, 508, with a full force of clerks and stenographers, spend the government money today. A new aircraft-carrier is comfortably equipped with 62 typewriters. And so on. The majesty of the Department seems aggrieved at the admiral's plain speaking—bureaucrats always resent criticism; but the country is likely to agree with Senator Borah and to wish that we had a Magruder in every department and bureau in Washington.

INDIANA'S POLITICAL SCANDALS broaden and deepen. Following the indictment of Governor Jackson has come the trial and conviction of Mayor Duvall of Indianapolis for violating the corrupt-practices act of the State. Mr. Budenz, in telling on another page the curious vagaries of Mayor Duvall, indicates that Indiana's political dirt has soiled the hands of men as high up in the Republican Party as United States Senators Watson and Robinson. Mayor Duvall himself appears to be an oddly befuddled individual whose promises have far outrun his possible performances. In order to find jobs enough to go around he has filled about every place in the City Hall twice. Since Mr. Budenz wrote, Mayor Duvall has appointed his wife as City Controller and had persuaded Claude Johnson—who previously had held three successive posts in one day—to become Chief of Detectives. Johnson was asked to relinquish the office of City Controller in order to make way for Mrs. Duvall. If Duvall's conviction is upheld in the higher courts and he is ousted as mayor, his wife will succeed to that job. The people of Indiana are reported to be stunned rather than angry over the revelations thus far. We shall watch their actions with interest when they come out of the daze.

PROGRESSIVE PROGRAMS, in the absence of a progressive party, may seem of the substance of dreams, but they are also the substance of which parties are built. Senator Nye of North Dakota has drawn up a platform for Progressives in the next Congress. He wants farm relief—as to what kind he is vague; flood relief; a clipping of the overgrown wings of the federal-reserve bank system; government operation of Muscle Shoals and other power developments; abolition of the "lame-duck" sessions of Congress; and abandonment of all semblance of government guaranty of private loans abroad. Senator Nye has gone further in defining his program than many other Western Progressives, but we wish that he might have developed it as a coherent philosophy of popular government. Parties seem to crystallize about immediate issues, but where they endure they express something more profound. Also, Senator Nye does not seem to see that the tariff is the Achilles' heel of that business control of government which he seeks to destroy.

SO COLORFULLY AND AMICABLY has the Legion convention in Paris gone that we cannot but regret that it should have been topped off by the choice of Edward E. Spafford as head of the Legion. For Mr. Spafford represents all the reactionary and narrowly patriotic tendencies within the Legion. He stands for the opposite of what the liberal minority in the permanent staff of the society is trying to accomplish. We seem, therefore, to be in for a year when the Legion as a national organization will be on the side of the 100-per cent patrioteers and heresy-hunters. More than that, there are uncomfortable rumors afloat in Legion circles that the election was the result of a deal put through at the last annual convention, and that the methods employed to bring about Mr. Spafford's election suggested the familiar methods of cheap ward politicians.

THE TEXT of the American note to France on the tariff entanglement has not yet been printed in full, but enough of it has appeared to make the *Westminster*

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Gazette in London declare that it is unprecedented in tone and substance. It admits that our tariff is high and will continue to be high, but it demands favors for us with, apparently, no *quid pro quo*. Premier Poincaré, it is announced, has personally taken the matter up and is studying the note with care. We hope he is, and merely trust that nothing will keep him from replying with the greatest frankness. He usually has the courage to say what he thinks and in this case he can if he wishes speak for all of Europe. He might point out that one of the beloved Fourteen Points for which we went to war called for "the removal so far as possible of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace." We doubt, however, if he will, as Washington fears, link his reply with the question of the money France owes us, though, economically speaking, he would be entirely justified in doing so. The European nations can hardly pay their debts to us if we continue to maintain our high tariffs. If Washington wants tariffs most it ought to accept the consequences—the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars, and tariff wars thrown into the bargain. Tariffs spell international hates and trickery and friction, and are stupidity itself for a country like the United States, which is compelled to obtain from the rest of the world at least seventy vital articles of trade.

IT WILL SOON be necessary to organize a national society for the reform of our police. In Memphis no less than thirty-eight policemen have had to be dismissed at one fell swoop, including lieutenants and sergeants, because their names appeared on a bootlegger's payroll. Even more serious are the persistent crimes by policemen against the persons of men they arrest. Magistrate Silberman in the Washington Heights court of New York City recently denounced two policemen who had arrested three Negroes on the charge of assault and declared that these guardians of the peace had acted like "infuriated beasts" and "raving maniacs." The Negroes had done nothing, but, as one policeman explained, "we've had three shots of liquor and we feel like raising hell." So they beat the Negroes until the patrol-wagon came and then subjected them to the almost usual procedure of being beaten up again in the police-station. "Have you ever heard of anything more brutal in the history of the city?" asked the magistrate as he declared that not a scintilla of evidence had been produced against the Negroes. Well, we have. There have been worse cases here in New York, but we are perfectly certain that the Police Commissioner will do as little in this case as he has done in the other instances of police crime which have found their way into print. He has not yet done anything decisive to stop the reckless shooting by his men who recently killed three citizens in a week.

THE NEGRO is the target not only of criminal policemen. Recently an elderly physician was murdered in his motor car in the woods near Hammonton, New Jersey. His wife declared that two partly disguised Negroes had stopped the car, attempted to assault her, and, when her husband came to her aid, killed him. At once State police and posses searched the country. Had two Negroes been caught near the scene they would have been lucky to have escaped with mere "third-degree" torture. It now appears probable that the wife was carrying on an intrigue with another man, and the police have abandoned the search for those Negroes. Every Negro knows that there is no commoner device of white criminals than to blacken their faces or for persons guilty of a crime to declare that "two Negro brutes" committed it. In August Manly Justice, white, shot and fatally wounded Earl Williams, at Durham, N. C. Until he died Williams maintained that a Negro had shot him and a mob at once instituted a "man-hunt." After Williams died Justice confessed to the murder. Luckily no Negro had been caught and killed meanwhile. On March 15, 1922, Maurice Mays, colored, was legally executed in Knoxville for the murder of a Mrs. Lindsey, a white woman. In August, 1927, a white woman confessed in Norton, Va., that she, "dressed in men's clothes and with her face blackened," had killed Mrs. Lindsey. Despite her confession she was released. Had not a dead "nigger" already atoned for her crime?

DEFEATED BY THE OVERWHELMING POWER of the employers, the State militia, and the strike-breakers, eight hundred strikers of the Harriet Cotton Mills of Henderson, North Carolina, have gone back to work. The strikers were working a fifty-five-hour week in an old-fashioned, unsanitary mill-village, in many cases for wages of less than $9 a week. They asked for a 12½ per cent increase in wages, and were ignored. They struck, and were organized into the United Textile Workers by an organizer of one of its branches, the full-fashioned hosiery weavers. In spite of their isolation and poverty, and in spite of the needless intervention of State troops, they held out for many weeks with magnificent courage. The mill-owners agreed, in taking the strikers back to work, to clean the village wells, provide shoes and school-books for the children, and to forget five weeks' back rent.

THIS HENDERSON STRIKE marks an important step in the progress of the Southern mill-workers becau of the sympathy which the strike aroused in the Soutl Farmers for miles around Henderson contributed food to the strike. Some powerful Southern papers, notably the Raleigh *News and Observer*, owned by Josephus Daniels, questioned the justice of the mill-owners' position. The advertising of the strikers' grievances served to underscore some very significant statistics concerning the distribution of our national prosperity. The Henderson strikers who received $9 a week are not exceptional—the average weekly wage of all cotton-mill-workers in North Carolina is only $13.63—and North Carolina has a legal sixty-hour week with higher wages than any Southern State. The men who started the Henderson strike and lost their jobs may never again secure employment from the anti-union mill-owners of their State, but their efforts have not been in vain. They have done much to prick the bubble of self-satisfaction with the South's industrial boom.

AN INCONSPICUOUS DISPATCH from India via London, published in the New York *Herald Tribune*, reports two items bearing significantly on social questions of the greatest importance. The first announces the promulgation in the native state of Kashmir of a law prohibiting the consummation of marriage of girls less than fourteen years of age and of boys less than eighteen. This is a most vigorous measure against child marriage, perhaps too much so to

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be enforceable, yet indicative of the growing tendency toward reform. All over India leaders have for many years labored for such action: but in British India, due to the more complex nature of the governmental problem, it has been harder than in the more autocratically ruled native states to overcome the prejudices of orthodox Hinduism—with orthodox Hindus to have a daughter who has reached puberty without being married is accounted a major sin to the parents. Most gratifying is it to see that the present step has been taken in a state governed by a Hindu, not Mohammedan, family.

THE SECOND ITEM points to retrogression. The aged Begum of the large native state of Bhopal, having recently abdicated the throne, now as a private citizen devotes her personal fortune, estimated at fifty million dollars, to an India-wide drive for Islam. The most lamentable phase of the present Indian situation is the Hindu-Moslem tension that keeps the country in two great hostile camps, even making it necessary that members of the various legislative bodies should be elected separately by religious communities, and, as Gandhi constantly points out, more than any other fact prevents the attainment of self-government. Five years ago under his persuasive leadership the age-long conflict had temporarily subsided; within the past two years it has blazed forth again in renewed fury. The Begum's pious act will fan the flames still higher, and is to be mentioned only in the same breath with the provocative Shuddhi (purity) campaign of the Arya Samaj to win back to Hinduism certain groups that have been converted to the Mohammedan faith. If the glory of India has in the past been her religions, one may wonder if they are not now her curse.

THE MERGER of the George H. Doran Company with Doubleday, Page and Company comes as a surprise to those who supposed that either publishing house was as large as it could comfortably be. Whatever the motives for such consolidation, or whatever the necessity, it is clear that in Doubleday, Doran and Company we are to see one of the most elaborate of all organizations to date for the production and sale of books. In England also will the effect be felt, since the firm of William Heinemann, Ltd., enters the merger and brings a long and representative list of British authors. The new house, which officially begins operations on January 1, will be the publishers for Kipling, Conrad, Bennett, Wells, Conan Doyle, Somerset Maugham, Ellen Glasgow, Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton, Booth Tarkington, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Edna Ferber, Irvin Cobb—and hundreds more—a formidable list of writers both popular and distinguished. And there are all the magazines issued under the name of Doubleday from Garden City. Things are happening in the world of books, and this perhaps is one of the most significant. Possibly the future there as elsewhere lies in the direction of consolidation. What will be the result?

THE STOCK OF JAMES BOSWELL continues to soar. Professor Tinker's recent edition of the letters written by that friend and creator of Dr. Johnson woke numerous readers to a realization that in him we have one of the principal spirits of the eighteenth century. And now comes Colonel Ralph Isham from England with the contents of the famous "ebony cabinet" which Boswell mentioned in his will as containing valuable literary remains. The whole contents of the chest are still to be known, but there are new letters between Boswell and Pitt, Johnson, Burke, Malone, Goldsmith, Voltaire, Burns, and William Temple; there is the complete manuscript of "An Account of Corsica"; and there are other, perhaps still more precious, memoranda describing experiences and relationships which we shall want to know about. Professor Tinker with pardonable partiality has been quoted as saying that the collection is the most important literary discovery of the century. In any event it is one of the most interesting, and we now await the edition of the papers which is promised by Colonel Isham in collaboration with Geoffrey Scott. The nineteenth century supposed that Boswell was a silly man and therefore not a great one. He was silly; he was, in his own very original way, great.

YELLOW FEVER came to America in the water-jars of the African slave-ships, a sort of cosmic curse upon the institution of slavery. It killed hundreds of thousands—8,000 in one year in New Orleans, only three-quarters of a century ago. There were ports in South America which became known as sure-death pest-holes, and lost their trade. Then came the suggestion that a mosquito carried the infection, and the heroic proof when Walter Reed and his associates faced death to prove a scientific guess; and then the demonstration by Dr. Gorgas, in Havana and Panama, that sanitary measures could wipe out the plague. In the last two decades yellow fever—in large part due to the work of the Rockefeller doctors—has been virtually wiped out in the Western Hemisphere, surviving only in a few remote parts of Brazil—one of the greatest scientific achievements of our day. In recent years the Rockefeller doctors have followed the germ to Africa, attempting to locate the source of the infection in West Africa, hoping in the coming decades to stamp it out off the earth. That Adrian Stokes, one of the British doctors with the Rockefeller Yellow Fever Commission, should have died in West Africa of an infection caught from one of the mosquitoes used in his own experiments, is an heroic tragedy in keeping with the strange history of the disease.

THE TRAGIC DEATH of the German Ambassador to the United States, Baron von Maltzan, in an airplane accident, is a grave loss to both countries. There was an unusually warm note of regret in the official condolences sent by President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg, and there is no question that all of Washington official society will lament this termination of a career which, short as it was, had accomplished a great deal for the reestablishment of the old friendly relations between the two countries. The Ambassador showed tact and discretion in his contacts with the government, was guarded and discreet in his wisely occasional public utterances, and, with the great aid of his wife, made his embassy socially the most popular in Washington. It is no derogation of him to say that he knew what cards to play, how to play them, and with what persons to play, for that, after all, is a diplomat's business. The task of recreating the relations of the two countries after such a ghastly war of falsehood, calumny, and lying on both sides was a gigantic task. Herr von Wiedfeldt began it well as a quiet business man; Baron von Maltzan carried it far as a skilled professional diplomat and man of the world.

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Wanted: Leadership

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER may have been wrong when he declared that there were no great men in the world today, but he could point to the position of the old political parties in the United States as proof positive of the correctness of his statement as far as this country is concerned. The absence of outstandingly first-rate men among those most mentioned for the Presidency seems to us another striking evidence of the humbug which our participation in the World War was. Had the war been that glorious uprising for democracy, that passionate spending of ourselves in order to preserve civilization, that selfless forging of a new charter for humanity which it pretended to be, could we today face the fact that, barring Herbert Hoover, not a single one of those whose names are suggested for the Presidency rose out of the war or gained prestige from it? The war achieved no immortal music, no national hymn, no glorious bit of literature, and no statesman who in his ideals, his aspiration, his record, or his personality even faintly typifies the "crusade" of 1914 and consequently challenges the interest and regard of the American electorate.

Take the Democratic Party. It is universally admitted that the retirement of Mr. McAdoo leaves Governor Smith far in the lead for the nomination. Ex-Senator Underwood of Alabama declares he must be named; representative Democratic politicians from eight Western States all but unanimously declared on September 23 that Smith was the man. There is actually no alternative, save to name as candidate a man unknown to the bulk of the party, who has neither program nor policies, who would have to win his audience as completely as a hitherto unheralded stage star on his or her first night. So the Democracy must choose "Al" Smith, who, for all his engaging qualities, has not identified himself with any national political program or defined school of thought, who has given not the slightest evidence of equipment to deal with the vital international issues which confront not only the United States but the whole world. What, let us ask, would happen if an unkind fate should disable Governor Smith before next June? The great Democracy which cast votes at the last Presidential election would not know which way to turn for a candidate now in public life. It might then be compelled to turn from politics to business and to consider a man of the type of Owen D. Young, who has made his name in connection with one of the biggest business enterprises in the country.

The Republicans are, of course, in a better situation. Mr. Hughes has unusual ability, a ruthless will, a self-righteousness and self-conceit to rank him with Woodrow Wilson himself. Mr. Hoover is a success as an administrator, without, however, the attributes of political leadership or of popular appeal. Ex-Governor Lowden made a record as Governor of Illinois which reformers and progressives in that State are quick to admit is deserving of high praise. These three all stand in ability head and shoulders above Calvin Coolidge—yet not one gives the slightest promise of breaking the stronghold of Big Business. They personify the present trend of Washington—have not Hughes and Hoover helped to shape it? Both of them are militant imperialists at heart who may be counted on to carry on the international policies which have made us universally disliked, feared, and hated in one country after another.

When one turns to the Senate the dearth of Presidential timber is obvious—although the increasingly erratic Senator Borah ranks high. But, of course, the fact is that no one in the Republican Party will be definitely chosen to succeed Calvin Coolidge until the masters of that party get together in a hotel room either before or during the convention and make up their minds who their choice is. It may be that it will be settled soon, for the leaders are worried over the Smith candidacy and are beginning to believe that if the Governor is nominated it will be necessary to take Mr. Hughes who has carried New York whenever he has run. Secretary Mellon has only made a half-denial of his reported leaning to Mr. Hughes and belief that Mr. Coolidge's "choice" is final. For Wall Street Andrew Mellon is a beneficent deity, and it is certain that if Mr. Mellon really indorses Mr. Hughes's candidacy and proceeds to work for him the ex-Secretary of State will go to the convention almost solidly backed by the business interests. Is he not a great corporation lawyer? Has he not unquestioned ability and long training? Has he not been a successful Justice of the Supreme Court and an able Secretary of State? Is he not safe and sound? Will not he, who held out so strongly against the recognition of the Soviet Government, be in the White House a glorious bulkhead against those subversive elements who seek to alter and therefore undermine the best possible government in the best of countries? Can he not be counted on to back the United States flag with marines and warships wherever it shows itself in company with American dollars? Yet to our renegade minds Charles E. Hughes is one of the last men who should be picked for the White House.

And what of the Progressives? There, too, the leadership is wanting. Were another like the elder La Follette ready to head a third-party movement, we believe that it could be made more formidable than the last. There are more Americans consciously dissatisfied today than in the campaign year of 1924. To multitudes, we believe, the Sacco-Vanzetti case has proved an eye-opener, to many others the final straw. We are emphatically of the opinion that if one man of power and uprightness should step forth now to take up the old fight against the corruption which is permeating our entire public life, there would be a tremendous response. Only the absence of such a leader makes it possible for the New York *Times* to rejoice that whatever else may happen, there will be no third party in the field this year. Even the Socialist Party could make a big showing now if it but had the leader. We are drugged by our prosperity as well as poisoned by the bacilli of war.

But we shall not be so for long. There are plenty of portents to the contrary. We are still in the trough of the after-war wave, but there is no more ground for discouragement than there was in the days when to advocate freedom of the slave meant official reprobation, imprisonment, or mob violence. It seemed long then before the tide turned; millions of backs were scarred by the lash or bowed by the yoke, and thousands died in misery while it was turning. But the change came, the tide turned, and the needed leadership arose. And so it will again.

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From Morgan's Up

DWIGHT MORROW, partner in J. P. Morgan & Co., has been named United States Ambassador to Mexico. Mr. Morrow happens to be a college classmate and lifelong friend of Mr. Coolidge's. But he is so much more that his appointment was an act of courage on the President's part and his acceptance an act of courage for Mr. Morrow. Hardly any post to which the President might appoint him could give Mr. Morrow power comparable to that which he wields as a partner in the greatest international banking firm in the world. The extent to which the Morgans dominate the industrial system of this country—its railroads, its power companies, its enormous automobile industry—can hardly be exaggerated. Throughout the Great War, furthermore, it acted as the agent for the British, French, and Russian governments in this country. To its power and organization was largely due the immediate success of the great loan which reestablished Japan after her earthquake; the mere announcement of a Morgan credit—coupled with the knowledge that such a loan meant Morgan financial guidance—steadied the falling French franc; the Morgan firm has buttressed Italy; it dominates the International Consortium which makes or withholds loans to China; it leads the group of creditors who negotiate, more successfully than Washington officialdom, with the Mexican Government. In the ordinary understanding of the word it is no promotion for a Morgan partner to be named United States Ambassador to Mexico; and Mr. Morrow is one of the leading Morgan partners.

Even if he were to become Secretary of State Mr. Morrow would hardly have more power than he has had as a partner of Morgan. J. P. Morgan & Co. negotiates on equal terms, unhampered by any responsibility to Congress, with foreign Powers. America has a natural prejudice against the financier in public office, and the financier has usually preferred to pull the strings without accepting political responsibility. Yet Mr. Morrow obviously has been eager for official life and has accepted this difficult post as his first opportunity. It is striking that a business man can still be so eager to don the harness of politics in a day when leadership has seemed to gravitate so overwhelmingly to business.

What will Mr. Morrow do in Mexico? The office is a challenge to his powers. Mexico is a graveyard of reputations; three administrations have failed to reach an equilibrium with that volcanic republic. American business has stood in the way of American diplomacy. But Mr. Morrow comes of a wise school of business. We have often remarked that the great lending houses of Wall Street have a longer vision than the oil men or the manufacturers. J. P. Morgan & Co., long interested in Mexican governmental loans, has not always seen eye to eye with Mr. Doheny, and it has been able to negotiate agreements which Mexico was willing to countersign and keep. Presumably any Morgan partner knows, as every lender does, that it is to the creditor's interest to set the debtor on his feet. He cannot want intervention; he must want to see the oil wells at work, producing for Mexico the revenue with which to pay her loans.

It is, of course, true on the other hand that the whole group of financiers interested in American foreign investments have a common horror of Mexico's social legislation, and fear it as a precedent in other countries. If one backward country can redeem its national heritage, freeing itself from control by the foreign moneyed interests which have been buying up the mineral resources of the world, others may follow. It is equally disturbing that Mr. Morrow's record, while it is full of examples of high-minded and disinterested service (he is a trustee of Amherst College, of Union Theological Seminary and of the Russell Sage Foundation, and has been active in prison-reform and charitable work) is definitely a big-business career. He began his public life as an attorney, and it was largely his services to the New Haven Railroad, where he ably opposed the public-service conceptions of Louis D. Brandeis, that won him promotion to the Morgan firm. One may be sure, however, that Mr. Morrow will not take orders. He will have a prestige with American business firms in Mexico which no one but a Morgan partner could have. If he recommends to them a less stubborn policy, they will hardly dare complain. And Mr. Morrow, resigning from the Morgan firm to enter politics, must be determined to succeed in his first mission.

To those Americans who have not realized the extent to which our diplomacy has become a tool of business Mr. Morrow's appointment will be a shock. But in view of the possible alternatives, of subservient corporation lawyers and lame-duck politicians, and despite the ghastly example of Mr. Mellon, we greet this assumption of responsible public office by one of the outstanding leaders of financial America with hope. It is always better to send the chief than the office-boy on an important mission, and Mr. Morrow is a real chief.

Abolishing the Death Duties

"THE federal estate tax must be repealed." This is to be the battle cry of an exceedingly well organized and well financed group of lobbyists in the next session of Congress. A similar attempt failed last year, but the effort is to be made again with renewed hope—and better lobbying. Regardless of the merits of the inheritance tax, bankers and business men in cooperation with legislators are determined upon its repeal. There can be little doubt about the intensity of the fight which they will wage. Supporting them, they have the legislatures of twenty-two States, the governors of twenty-five, perhaps a majority of the Senators, and, in the Administration, both President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon.

The inheritance tax, of course, rests most heavily upon the wealthier classes of the population, reason enough for every loyal Republican to find his sympathy with the present repeal movement. Already the Administration has exerted itself considerably to make the lives of our bankers and brokers run more smoothly, but there yet remains this federal estate tax as a source of unpleasant irritation. Of all the taxes in our revenue system, none is more obnoxious and challenging to the instincts of the expert coupon-cutter. In the property tax and in the income tax there are many paths that lead to the enticing forest of evasion—which good lawyers can find at fair rates—but the inheritance tax defies such strategy. It must be paid. When the wealthy taxpayer dies, his bonds, his stocks, and other securities—although they may have been hidden throughout his life in the "forest of evasion"—must at last come out into the open.

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For the legal protection of the heirs, the executor must list and itemize the deceased man's property, and thus his securities come under the ruthless gaze of the inheritance-tax administrator. Even tax-exempt bonds are subject to this horrid estate tax. No wonder it infuriates some wealthy citizens to be forced to submit their property to so sure, efficient, and inescapable a levy, and no wonder, too, that they have wasted little time in finding a way out.

If evasion of the tax is not possible, then it must be repealed. It is the effort to carry out this resolution that we shall witness in the next Congress. Of course, we shall hear no talk about the difficulty of evading the federal death duties—that will be kept camouflaged by arguments more appealing to the community. Already in the newspapers a flood of propaganda, sponsored principally by the Banker's League and the American Taxpayers League, has been let loose telling the American people what a terrible thing this estate tax is. And what is their contention? In the main, peering out of many confusing and distorted arguments, one discerns an earnest solicitude for the finances and revenues of the forty-eight States. The statements are seldom definite with respect to the means by which the States should secure these death duties but, in varying degrees, one is assured that the sentiment is there. Ominous predictions are likewise made that something fearful will happen because the estate tax "eats up capital" and is inherently "communistic" and "bolshevistic." All of this, of course, is grotesquely misleading. No tax has a better basis in sound economics.

If the State revenues are to be helped by the death duties, then surely the worst thing to do would be to abolish the present federal measure. In a practise of thirty years the States have demonstrated their inability to cope with the more serious problems of evasion and multiple taxation. In the period before the federal tax, rates varied greatly among the States; some, with the hope of attracting men with capital, even abolished the death duties altogether. Today five States have no inheritance tax, and Florida has a constitutional amendment against such a measure. Repeal of the federal estate duty would be likely to mean the appearance of other taxation paradises like Florida, with similarly attractive provisions for millionaire residents. We should witness again the old inter-State rivalry for capital and the intolerable conditions of multiple taxation would be made worse.

If the States really need revenue and if their present spokesmen among the State legislatures and governors are in earnest, they should propose instead that the 80 per cent rebate clause of the Act of 1926, which returns to the States an amount up to 80 per cent of the federal inheritance tax, should be increased to the full amount of the tax. States' rights would then be preserved, yet there would remain a just tax with a uniform rate throughout the country. As Simeon Leland of the University of Chicago states:

> The chief argument advanced in favor of the repeal of the estate tax is seldom mentioned, yet it underlies practically every statement of the case against the federal tax. The repeal of the federal tax is desired mainly because it is a success, while the inheritance taxes of the States are not. The federal estate tax functions too efficiently to suit its adversaries.

That is it. The federal tax functions "too efficiently," and therefore organized wealth is making this concerted effort to end it.

Pious Unbelief

MISS CHRISTINE WALKER, eighteen-year-old secretary of the Junior Atheists League, has arrived in New York from Gap, Pennsylvania, and at the Fourteenth Street headquarters of the Anti-Bible Society she is formulating plans which look toward a vigorous revival of disbelief among the members of the younger generation in this city. Reporters who have interviewed her find her flashing blue eyes persistently reminiscent of Miss Uldine Utley, girl preacher of the old-time Bible religion, and they say that she speaks of her mission with a genuinely evangelical ardor. "I have," she says, "read enough of the Bible to feel that it is false, and I want to enlighten other people."

Miss Walker also informed the reporters that there are at present four active chapters of her organization—in New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Petoskey, Michigan—though she did not explain how it happens that the latter place rose to this dangerous metropolitan eminence. She did add, however, that much of her work among the high schools and colleges has to be carried on secretly in order to avoid interference from educational authorities, and it is this latter fact that amazes us. Anyone who ever attended a free-thinkers' meeting must have realized how nearly its atmosphere resembled that of a non-conformist chapel and anyone who has ever known any group of fervently professing atheists must know that a certain priggishness is the only moral vice which can usually be charged against them. Miss Walker feels that the experience which she gained as a worker in the Presbyterian Westminster Guild in the days before her negative conversion will be of great service to her in her new task, and Miss Walker is entirely right. Atheism is one of the evangelical religions and a really devoted atheist is one of the most churchly of people.

If we were among those who are worried by the lax conduct of the younger generation we should welcome th entry of the atheists into the missionary field, and our only fear would be that the movement would not spread very widely for the simple reason that the impeccable conduct and the proselyting zeal expected of an active member of any atheistical society are too nearly indistinguishable from those required by the Y. M. C. A., the Baptist Young People's Union, and the Epworth League to appeal to very many who have not already joined one or more of those organizations. Most of the frivolous young who are bored with talk about God will be equally bored by talk about his non-existence, and those who prefer jazz to the hymnbook are not very likely to break off a foxtrot in order to consider the errors of Moses. But wherever the Anti-Bible Society does find a foothold, wherever it can gather together a group of young people dedicated to the spread of unbelief, there, we predict, will be found a sober and harmless group. If it is merely a question of keeping the youth off the streets, a Free Thinkers Society is every bit as effective as a chapter of the Christian Endeavor. Who ever heard of an ardent young atheist with a flask in his hip-pocket or any inclination to go on a petting party? In the first place he has weighty things to think about, and in the second place he has to confound his religious enemies by the uprightness of his life. It is those who don't care whether God's in his heaven or not that cause most of the trouble.

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

GOSSIP about anybody is good and gossip about a public character is better. One must be more than usually high-minded not to admit curiosity concerning an account of a President caught with his shirtsleeves down, as the saying goes. "The President's Daughter" undoubtedly will serve to satisfy this reprehensible but natural craving.

As in the case of all memoirs the question of authenticity may not be brushed aside. There has been, as far as I can ascertain, no official denial of the fundamental facts set forth in "The President's Daughter," and it may be that eventually admirers of the martyr president will be asking us to judge Mr. Harding not by this book, set forth as fact, but by "Revelry" which purports to be fiction.

Nan Britton's book professes to make a plea for more merciful laws in regard to legitimacy. This excellent object is somewhat lost in the shuffle, and more stress is given to the promise upon the jacket that here is a book "revealing the love-secret of President Harding." A young woman without any vestige of literary skill and an entire absence of good taste has managed to write a book which is often absorbingly interesting. Possibly the secret lies in its insincerity.

Again and again she breaks into rapturous admiration of Warren Gamaliel Harding, but it is hard to believe that she did not possess some underlying hatred of the man, for the portrait is that of an utterly fatuous person. Still, it must be admitted that the author does very little better by herself, and the general effect is not unlike a tale by Fanny Hill concerning her great romance with Elmer Gantry.

Beyond question the book is shocking. Here and there one may find a phrase somewhat more frank than usual, but this is not the factor which tends to make "The President's Daughter" a shade disturbing. It is the undying smugness of the story which causes a sinking sensation. Persistently Miss Britton insists that her romance with Mr. Harding was one of the great love stories of all history, but this point is somewhat impaired by her report of the very first ardent meeting. "Between kisses we found time to discuss my immediate need for a position." Nor is the reader more warmly drawn to either protagonist when the book goes on to reveal the manner in which Mr. Harding made good his promise of patronage.

"Mr. Harding handed his card to the secretary in Judge Gary's outer office. The Judge came out immediately. After introducing me to Judge Gary, Mr. Harding inquired casually of him whether his senatorial services in a certain matter had been satisfactory. The Judge replied that they had indeed."

From this auspicious point the romance flowers and we learn that "Going down in the elevator Mr. Harding whispered to me: 'Now, do you believe that I love you?'"

A little later Miss Britton obtained a job with the United States Steel Corporation at $16 a week.

Some of the heroine's enthusiasm for her knight in shining armor is a little puzzling. She seems inclined to endow the great man with gifts not altogether inherent in the evidence. Thus we are told: "Mr. Harding himself was, I thought, quite an epicure, despite the fact that he could enjoy plain substantial food. Eggs were my breakfast stand-by, but invariably Mr. Harding's query when we breakfasted together would be: 'Will you have some codfish cakes with me this morning, dearie?'"

Always she seems to have been "dearie" to him, although he occasionally switched to "you purty thing." Miss Britton was rather more formal and tells us: "I called him Warren very rarely. He used to tease me to say: 'Warren, darling, I love you,' and it seemed to delight him to hear me say his name. But I was so much younger than he—exactly thirty years his junior—that somehow it seemed out of tune for me to address him by his first name. I just resorted to endearments, usually called him 'sweetheart.'"

To this particular reader the whole romance seems to have been an exceedingly shabby and clumsy involvement, but it has not been his privilege to read the love letters which are for the most part omitted. That seems a pity for the book states: "Many of the heart-revealments of which I have spoken and will speak were put in writing by Mr. Harding—and declarations much stronger as well—and he himself admitted that nowhere except in French had he ever read anything comparable to the love-letters we used to write to each other."

It is just as well that the two parties concerned were willing to admit that in France such things are done better, for the strategy of the romance was often sadly bungled. Once Warren Gamaliel Harding was obliged to hide in a wardrobe, but at that time he was merely a Senator and his dignity may not have been a matter of vital moment. The White House rendezvous seems to have been a clothes closet, and there were many trysts in such hotels as local taxi drivers cared to recommend.

Concealment would appear to have bulked larger in the mind of Mr. Harding than in that of Miss Britton. To be sure, she did not reveal to everyone that Warren Harding was her lover. But the President was not altogether a model of delightful reticence himself. If we may judge from Miss Britton's report he "always spoke disparagingly to me of Mrs. Harding, and in loving as well as in disposition and everything else he certainly failed to picture her as his ideal."

It is unfair to assume, of course, that every word set down in "The President's Daughter" is true beyond all question. It may be that Miss Britton has drawn largely upon her imagination. In that case I owe her an apology. If the book is in any large measure creative work it would be grossly unfair to deny the author a high degree of literary skill. In that event Sinclair Lewis would be obliged to abdicate his leadership of the more savage satirists, for modern American fiction contains no such complete and convincing picture of an utter bounder.

We have had professors in the White House and soldiers, but if the testimony of "The President's Daughter" is to be accepted Warren Gamaliel Harding was the first heavy-sugar daddy. And out of his many precious words the little girl whom he befriended has preserved a single sentence which might well serve as the epitaph of his entire administration: "Remember, dearie, no recriminations."

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Americans We Like

Justice Brandeis: Apostle of Freedom

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

The third in a series of personality portraits

WHEN *The Nation* asked me to write something about Justice Brandeis I was not sure whether to be glad or sorry. It is wholesome to celebrate a powerful spiritual and liberal character, in a time when the type in this country is rare, but also it is difficult to do justice to forty years of service, covering a multitude of issues, in a short space.

After Woodrow Wilson was elected, in 1912, I happened to be talking with Joseph Medill Patterson, at that time much more in sympathy with critical movements than he is now, and to say I hoped Mr. Wilson might put Mr. Brandeis in his cabinet. "The place for a man like that," said he, "is on the Supreme Court. There is where the real influence is exerted." About the same time Jane Addams said: "What the Supreme Court thinks determines not only what laws Congress may enact. It decides the possibilities for forty-eight State legislatures also, and for every social worker in the land."

In 1916, when there was another vacancy, Mr. Wilson said to me: "I cannot live up to the standard I set when I appointed Brandeis. I cannot find another man who is at the top of his profession in practical success, and who at the same time represents not concentrated money but the interests of the whole public."

On that subject Mr. Brandeis himself said, a number of years ago: "It is true that at the present time the lawyer does not hold that position with the people which he held fifty years ago; but the reason is in my opinion not lack of opportunity. It is because, instead of holding a position of independence between the wealthy and the people, prepared to curb the excesses of either, the able lawyers have to a great extent allowed themselves to become an adjunct of the great corporations, and have neglected their obligation to use their powers for the protection of the people."

The fact that Mr. Brandeis, in spite of first-class practical success, kept himself free from the psychology of excessive wealth, and devoted his efforts to public service, was what created the bitterness against him. That bitterness was moderate in amount and intensity as long as he was engaged in solving traction problems in Boston, working out a proper relation between the public and the gas companies, or starting a device by which the poor, if they cared to do so, could get their insurance much more cheaply. It broke into a fury when he interfered with the plans of the New Haven Railroad, for in that road were invested many of the funds of the people who make up respectable society in New England. The controversy with the New Haven had the same origin as the earlier services in checking the inroads of public utilities on public rights. Both came from a conception of freedom. It was years ahead of Mr. Wilson's exposition of "the new freedom," but it meant the same thing, and Mr. Wilson to his death was grateful for the help he found in the philosophic depth and detailed mastery of Mr. Brandeis. Here is a statement of the underlying doctrine:

> The government must keep order not only physically but socially. In old times the law was meant to protect each citizen from oppression by physical force. But we have passed to a subtler civilization; from oppression by force we have come to oppression in other ways. And the law must still protect a man from the things that rob him of his freedom, whether the oppressing force be physical or of a subtler kind.
>
> There is no such thing as freedom for a man who under normal conditions is not financially free. We must therefore find means to create in the individual financial independence against sickness, accidents, unemployment, old age, and the dread of having his family destitute, if he suffer premature death. For we have become practically a world of employees; and if a man is to have real freedom in dealing with his employer, he must be financially independent of these ordinary contingencies. Unless we protect him from oppression, it is foolish to call him free.

In the notable victory over the New Haven Mr. Brandeis was doing something beside the work of a great business expert, protecting the public against wild finance. He was also protecting it against oppression. He saw lucidly why the hectic expansion of the road meant in the end injury to the investment, but he also felt with ardent conviction that New England could not be free if it put no limit on the size of the money combinations that might be allowed to grow up in its midst.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS
Associate Justice
United States Supreme Court

Mr. Brandeis could never have done his work if he had not been an expert in money matters, but money and its combinations have always been looked upon by him as a tool to be used for promoting the higher forms of freedom, not as ends sacred in themselves that may be permitted to invade the general freedom. When the authoritative life of this justice comes to be written I hope the keynote of it may be liberty. There are not many prophets of that doctrine here and now, for this is not only an age in which Mr. Mellon is Secretary of the Treasury, in spite of the existing statute intended to protect us from just such a control of the treasury by big business, but it is an age also in which

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the usual American thanks God for the good fortune of having so rich a man in so high a post, and in which the usual newspaper, with income and profit taxes hanging over it, subject to treasury interpretation, treats Mr. Mellon, who has had little to do but spend and reduce a huge surplus, as a combination of the genius of Hamilton and that of Gallatin.

If, alone among lawyers of his rank, Mr. Brandeis threw his strength into representing the public against overgrown special interests, he accepted full responsibility for building where he tore down. He would never attack without being able to replace. If he believed railroad rates were too high he was prepared to tell the roads how to save a million dollars a day, and he steadily refused to lift a finger against the head of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad from the moment when he saw his victory essentially won.

The city public-service corporations, the railroads, the banks, the insurance companies, the inflated industrials, the evils of long hours and low pay, had all been dealt with by him by 1912, and during the campaign of that year he was the most powerful intellect assisting Mr. Wilson to expound the principles of democracy applied to the problems of a machine age. From his speeches and writings during those months can be built the best picture I know of the advantages of small and moderate units in industry as against gigantic ones. Inevitably some of the devices that Mr. Brandeis originated or adapted for one purpose or another are of less interest to him today, but not the small unit. It is fundamental, and it remains as much a part of his faith as it was a part of the faith of Aristotle.

Those who believed the place for Mr. Brandeis to be the Supreme Court have been justified by the outcome. Powerful dissents are needed in that body—in the nine dictators of our law. Even the majority opinions sometimes show the influence of the presence of a great expert in modern industry, but it is the dissents of Holmes and Brandeis, alone or with one or two others as the subjects differ, that are building up a body of thought on social rights at least as influential in our leading law schools as the majority opinions opposed to them. If the bar has a spiritual revival, before our grandchildren are buried, these dissents are the material of which the revival may not improbably be made.

And the fact that Justices Holmes and Brandeis are thus bracketed shows how shifting a substance are words. Justice Holmes is not a liberal, in the sense that Justice Brandeis is. He is not excited about what may be done by legislation to make better the lot of man. Rather is he impressed with the futility of most such dreams. Often when Brandeis is filled with the picture of the evil a law seeks to kill, or the advantage it seeks to bring about, Holmes's mind, skeptical of such visions, and not addicted to studying them, is not less vehement in the same conclusion, reaching it by the route of the public's right to experiment. Never has he swerved from his fidelity to the basic tenet of our system, that the courts are not to substitute their ideas of policy for those of the elected legislators.

This dogged refusal to usurp takes on an added importance when we remember that the most successful climbers in the legal profession make themselves psychologically members of the plutocracy. That Holmes and Brandeis reach the same spot from partly opposite directions is to me a most cheerful fact. It shows that our Constitution, and our political institutions in general, are adequate to our present needs if they are committed to men of knowledge and detachment from limited interests.

Lest we put too much stress on the devotion of our own lawyers to plutocratic ideals we might quote a statement of Mr. Brandeis about the tendency of the bar in all times:

> Law has always been a narrowing, conservating profession. In England it has always been easy for a Tory government to find great lawyers for judicial office, but for a Liberal government it was hard. And so it has been throughout history. . . .
>
> What we must do in America is not to attack our judges, but to educate them. All judges should be made to feel, as many judges already do, that the things needed to protect liberty are radically different from what they were fifty years ago. In some courts the judges' conception of their own powers must also change. . . .
>
> The courts and the people have been too far apart. There is no subject so complex that the people cannot be interested in it and made to see the truth about it if pains enough are taken; and I believe that a common agreement of public sentiment should influence the court's decision on many a question.
>
> For the aspirations of the people must have adequate legal expression. Otherwise we shall have a revolt. . . . The people are beginning to doubt whether in the long run democracy and absolutism can coexist in the same community; beginning to doubt whether there is really a justification for the great inequalities in the distribution of wealth. This movement must necessarily progress; the people's thought will take shape in action. And it lies with our lawyers to say in what lines that action shall be expressed: wisely and temperately, or wildly and intemperately; in lines of evolution or in lines of revolution.

Of course the time when questioning of our present economic morality amounts to much is still afar, and will not come while the general standard of living is rising. But statesmen think of the future. Holmes and Brandeis cannot last forever. During the present craze over material things are we likely to elect anybody President who would even wish to find their counterparts?

The author whom Justice Brandeis quotes most often is Goethe, more often, I think, than Shakespeare or the Greeks. Goethe has a ballad called The Magician's Apprentice, Der Zauberlehrling. The magician had ordered the apprentice to scrub the floor while he himself was absent. The water had to be brought from the brook, but the apprentice had seen his master order a broom which stood in the corner to bring the water, and had noticed the words used; so he repeated them, and the broom obeyed. It brought a bucketful, emptied it on the floor; then another, and another. Not knowing how to stop the flooding of the room the apprentice broke the broom. Then each part began bringing as much as the whole broom had brought before, and the house was full. Finally the magician returned, knowing how to control the process, as well as set it going, and he ordered the broom back into its corner.

In connection with this story Justice Brandeis quotes, also from Goethe, "Even if we had the wise man's stone, the stone would be without the wise man." (Wenn wir den Stein der Weisen hätten, der Weise mangelte dem Stein.)

Into a machine age, into the irrepressible advance of technique, it has been Justice Brandeis's life work to put wisdom.

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Scandals of 1927—Indiana

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

THAT political typhoon, which blew up this midsummer to rock Indiana's ship of state, continues into the autumn with unabated fury. The apostles of mysterious clap-trap who lately threw terror into the Hoosier citizenry, suddenly find themselves the center of a storm of ridicule and censure. Heavy seas of scandal and exposé threaten to wash overboard the most exalted members of the Klan-fearing crew—United States Senators James E. Watson and Arthur R. Robinson. When and where the end will be, no man knows. Senator Robinson has even declared in his own defense that the "President of the United States is indirectly involved."

The junior Senator, with delightful naivete, rushed forth impetuously to bring the deluge down upon his head. A slick tongue has been Mr. Robinson's chief asset throughout his public career. It has compensated largely for his lack of mental depth. Through this powerful organ of speech he has climbed successively into the State Senate and the Republican leadership thereof, into a judgeship, and finally into the Holy of Holies itself, the United States Senate.

In the present Gargantuan emergency, however, this source of strength—his nimble tongue—proved to be his weakness. He spoke up at the wrong time. Noting an attack upon him by the Indianapolis *Times* to the effect that he was part of the supergovernment—or, more exactly, the subway government—bringing Indiana into disrepute, he boldly demanded a retraction. Were that not forthcoming within three days, dire penalties would be inflicted upon the "unscrupulous editor of that unscrupulous publication."

The three days came and went; at their conclusion his own hitherto faithful ally, the Indianapolis *Star*, proceeded to put him in a pretty pickle. By way of a news beat that paper published correspondence showing that Robinson had endeavored surreptitiously to exert pressure on the State Supreme Court in the contempt case of Dr. E. S. Shumaker, head of the Indiana Anti-Saloon League. Shumaker had made it very plain that the fate of the Republican Party rested in the hollow of his hand. At his behest the alarmed junior Senator had pleaded with Senator Watson last year "in your own way" to persuade the Supreme Court judges to free the anti-liquor crusader or let him off with a fine.

Caught thus red-handed, Mr. Robinson executed a complete somersault. Now he declares that he will say nothing further on the subject, for fear it would seem to be exerting undue influence on the court which he formerly sought to influence sub rosa. Out of the episode has come a further proceeding in the Supreme Court to extend the sixty-day sentence of Shumaker. At the hearing of this case the two Senators, Henry Lane Wilson, ex-Ambassador to Mexico, and the Klan-appointed Republican State chairman, Clyde Walb, will be compelled to testify. Much more of the back-stairs government of Indiana bids fair to be dragged out into the open in the course of this proceeding.

The strange case of Arthur Robinson, thus brought to light, is important in that it reveals him as one of the missing links between the Anti-Saloon League and the Klan. Old croney and personal attorney of ex-Grand Dragon D. C. Stephenson and devoted adherent of George V. Coffin, Stephenson-created Republican chairman of Marion county, he has always been at the same time a zealous follower of the Shumaker coterie. With becoming consistency, he waxed fat financially off the defense of wealthy bootleggers, on the basis of a widespread rumor that he had special influence with Federal Judge Balzell. If such influence existed, it was never very apparent. The judge seemed to send Mr. Robinson's clients to jail with the same gusto that he committed others to a like inclement fate.

Other missing links in the Klan-Anti-Saloon League interlocking relationships are now coming into the foreground. One of the most conspicuous of these is the Rev. George S. Henninger, militant pastor of the East Tenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of Indianapolis. He has been no small figure in the just-concluded trial of the capital city's Klan Mayor, John L. Duvall. Ruddy and pugilistic in appearance and mannerism, the Rev. Mr. Henninger has packed a wicked punch in behalf of both Anti-Saloon League and Klan. The most powerful figure in the Marion County Klan No. 3, he testified against the Mayor, with uplifted left hand (Klan-fashion), that the said Mayor, as a candidate, had pledged himself in open meeting to deliver 85 per cent of the city positions to the white-robed guardians of purity if elected to the office he sought.

The Mayor apparently attempted to keep this pledge in his own bungling way. Testimony for the defense consisted of a long parade of city employees, who were or had been Kluxer zealots and Volstead Act protagonists. Their stammering mentalities and confused conceptions of Klan principles gave some clue as to why the Invisible Empire had chosen to remain invisible. Stripped of their flowing robes and robbed of the friendly cover of darkness, their childish ignorance made them a sorry and depressing lot. Their testimony failed to impress the jury; it had enough acumen to see the obvious, and found Duvall guilty of the crime charged. Duvall's sentence was fixed at thirty days in jail, with a fine of $1,000 and four years' exclusion from public office.

The trouble with the Mayor was that he promised too profusely. He did not have enough positions to go around. A feeble, wishy-washy character, suffering apparently from some fear mania, he sought to solve the problem by lightning-like shifts in his official family. Almost every important office in the city hall has been filled at least twice during his term. Only a short time ago he discharged Claude Worley, Stephenson's old pal, as Inspector of Detectives. Learning that Worley had been promptly made special investigator by Judge Collins of the Criminal Court, and would probably therefore dig into Duvall's various indictments, the Mayor suddenly recalled the outcast and elevated him to the chieftainship of police. To do this, he had to shift the erstwhile Chief, Claude Johnson. That gentleman found himself Chief one morning, Superintendent of Detectives in the afternoon, and City Controller by midnight—all in the same day. It is now disclosed that the Mayor gave several prominent Klansmen secret written appointments which he later withdrew. Wiggling and wobbling were his settled policies.

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So it was with his affair with "Bill" Armitage, ex-saloon keeper and gambler, which brought Duvall into court this first time. "Bill" is a typical political boss—flashily dressed, diamond-studded, and diamond-ringed, cynical and hard-boiled. He was the dominant personality in the preceding Lew Shank administration. When he saw that Duvall would be elected mayor through Klan support, he hastened to offer that gentleman $12,000 or $14,500—the sum is in dispute—for various important appointments. Duvall accepted the money, and put it away in his safety box at his bank. After the election, when the bargaining for offices began, Duvall in a sweaty fright rushed to return the money. Only, however, after a secret meeting with Armitage in Pekin and Springfield, Illinois, where they registered at a hotel under assumed names. The Mayor's defense was that he took the money "to protect the taxpayers" and get Armitage out of the way, intending to double-cross that gentleman all the time.

The Mayor will probably be obliged to have still another day in court. He has been indicted anew on other corrupt-practice charges by the present grand jury, which also indicted Governor Jackson for bribery, along with his law partner, Robert I. Marsh—the much-advertised and eloquent lecturer, "G4," of the Indiana Klan.

What do the people of Indiana think of the mess of incompetence, underground intrigues, and widespread corruption which is being washed up by this flood of disclosures? To say that they are flamingly indignant would be to state a falsehood. It is more literally correct to conclude that they are stunned. By and large, they cannot understand why so much attention is being given their troubles by the outside world. Taking the State as a whole, they have not yet grasped the inevitable connection between the outcome and the reign of such a moronic movement as the Ku Klux Klan. The newspapers, more alert than the rank and file of the populace, adopt a more healthy attitude. This includes a number of Republican papers. Vigorous denunciation of the "gang" in power is becoming a pleasantly common thing. The Klan is on the run, however, because leading personalities in its ranks are on the defensive or utterly discredited. There is no dashing or unscrupulous leader behind whom the scattered legions can rally. With that said, almost all is said.

There will be a housecleaning in Indiana, but the passions and prejudices which created the situation will remain. Let a new Messianic message, the old patent medicine stamped with a different label, be offered to the Hoosiers—and he would be a rash prophet indeed who would foretell its rejection.

The "why" of that is easily understandable through only a cursory study of the State's population. The northern section can be ruled out of our calculations; spiritually it is not a part of Indiana at all. A goodly infiltration of alien blood has changed its complexion and viewpoint. A Catholic, a Jew, or even a radical has at least half a chance in that region. Reaction can rule there on economic questions, but not so readily on the basis of Nordic intolerance. In the broad central belt, which dominates the State to a large extent, an entirely different condition exists. There the Catholic, Jew, and foreigner are decided oddities. From Indianapolis to Vincennes—a distance of 195 miles—there is not one Catholic parish. In Hamilton County there are sixty-five Catholics in a total population of 15,000. These are rough examples of the status of the rural districts in that section. And in regard to the Catholics and the Jews in these parts it seems that prejudice against them increases in proportion to the slimness of their numbers.

In the extreme southern section of the State Jews are very scarce and Catholics have herded themselves together in little colonies, aloof from the surrounding peasantry. These were in origin mostly German-speaking towns, in some of which even the Irish became Germanized in the course of time. A language barrier divided them from the "hill-billies" and the farmers of the south. It increased the possibility of misunderstanding.

The city of Indianapolis is fed by immigrants from the rural territory of the central belt. It is full of good folks who connect the Negroes in some mysterious way with the dark Latin peoples, under the Pope, and consider a shady pigmentation a possible link with the devil. "Niggers and Catholics" were to be kept out of office, according to Mayor Duvall's promise to the Klan brethren of the Red Star. That expresses the sentiments of these rural immigrants to the capital city to a T.

The Hoosier, anyway, is not much given to indignation or enthusiasm, except in what might be called metaphysical questions. He is as economically servile as he has been impotent to cope with political corruption. His farmers have seldom engaged in the great revolts that have marked the history of the Northwest. The industrial population of Indianapolis, with much less colossal combinations of capital to deal with than many other cities, suffers low wages and poor conditions. They are ruled by one of the most active and belligerent of employers' associations. They live under one of the most drastic anti-picketing ordinances in the country, with scarcely a murmur of protest. During the dominance of the Klan, no man of substance in financial or business life spoke up against it. Correspondents from other places were given information behind closed doors, and then with the solemn injunction: "Don't quote me." Meredith Nicholson, the author, was the only man of any prominence who made it a business to decry what was going forward.

When the winds and waves have passed a number of figures of high and low degree will have been washed off the ship of state. It is doubtful if the root-causes for their having been at the helm will have been wiped away with them.

November Corn Field

By WILBERT SNOW

The tattered standards of the broken corn
Rustle defiance on the frozen air
That strove to wreck them; blouses now outworn
That gave their youth a gay mid-April flair
When on parade, cover today instead
A decimated legion old and proud—
Their dry bones rattle in the breeze; their bed,
Ice-cold at night, awaits the winding shroud.

A canteen hanging loosely here and there
For rats and crows to riddle, they recall
When they could scale at ease the high stone wall
And forage in warm pastures whose long stare
At blades and gorgeous tassels gave the field
Faith in their standing orders not to yield.

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On the Trail of Sacco-Vanzetti Abroad

I. The Anger of South America

By RUTH CRAWFORD

Buenos Aires, August 23

"LISTEN!"

I had been listening. How long I did not know. How long had I been lying there, listening to that crying, shouting, that rose above the tread of thousands of feet, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the whirr of motorcycles, the clarion honking of automobiles?

"Listen!" The whisper brought complete awakening. Then I knew. This was the night Sacco and Vanzetti were to be executed unless some miracle saved them.

"They've been killed."

We said no more. We left our beds, threw coats on, and hurried to the bedroom window which opened on to the Avenida de Mayo in Buenos Aires. We opened the wooden shutter and leaned out. Five stories below stretched the Argentine's principal thoroughfare.

We looked down the street toward the Plaza de Mayo, for it was from that direction the crowd was coming. There, before the office of one of the leading newspapers, stood a mass of men whom we knew were reading the news association flash. They read, then joined the procession moving slowly, angrily, resentfully, up the avenue.

As we watched that moving mass of men, foreboding, yes, terror came to us. Safe, we were safe, but this feeling was nothing personal. It was a fear for our country. These people, these South Americans, were marching because it was the only way they had of venting their hatred against the United States, the land of oppression, as they sincerely believed.

What did it matter that we knew differently? How make these others know that some of our countrymen had fought valiantly for two Italians whose fate had curiously come to symbolize a struggle over human rights? How explain to these indignant Argentines that the struggle had gotten beyond human straightening? The message on the bulletin board meant only one thing to those thousands of men marching up the Avenida de Mayo. To them two innocent men had been sacrificed to the world by the United States of America, the land of oppression.

Thus ended for me the trail of Sacco-Vanzetti, followed from Rio de Janeiro through the interior of Brazil, then across Uruguay to Montevideo, and at last to Buenos Aires and the Argentine.

I had left New York shortly after Judge Thayer's decision had been given. The impassioned plea of the condemned men for justice stood out clearly and vividly for me. I had faith. They would have justice, I thought confidently. Soon I learned that South America had no such faith.

"You don't mind what happens to you, do you?" the American Consul asked as I entered his office in a beautiful building overlooking Rio's magnificent bay.

"What do you mean?"

"You are right in the path of that bomb that is scheduled to blow all of us to glory," the Consul laughed, affecting a gaiety which did not ring true. The consulate had been warned that there might be trouble from Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers; that accounted for the presence of the guards passing regularly to and fro before the building.

Reds, bolshevists, anarchists, they were just using this Sacco-Vanzetti thing to take out their long-smoldering hatred of the United States, our fellow countryman explained. They looked at us askance as we dared protest that in the United States it was not merely the Reds who doubted the justice of the verdict.

"They should have been done for seven years ago," was the inevitable answer.

Brazilians, evidently, had another view, for the day I left Rio the automobile in which I was riding was turned out of its way. There was a Sacco-Vanzetti demonstration on the steps of the municipal opera house. It was a holiday, one of the numerous ones which brighten the lives of the Brazilians, but instead of attending *fiestas* and making merry dancing the maxixe, they were gathered by the thousand to hear an impassioned oration against the "murder" of two Italians by the United States.

Several days later in São Paulo, the richest industrial city of Brazil, I visited the American consulate. Two policemen, standing in the entrance to the building, looked critically at all who entered. In the consulate itself there was the same laughter as that in Rio, but this time men frankly admitted danger. They were planning to have no elevators stop at the consulate floor.

"It's a bad situation," said the Consul. "What do the people in the States think of the case?" he asked. He hoped for enlightenment, which was not forthcoming, about what had brought our country to the position where in friendly Brazil her consulate offices had to be guarded.

From São Paulo I took the train for the interior of Brazil, bound south for the Argentine. The route lay through Paraná, the state of the great pine forests, parts of which are as yet unexplored; then on to Rio Grande do Sul, the cattle country of Brazil. The country is so primitive that the train stops whenever flagged in order that the inhabitants may come aboard to buy fruits and liquors and deliver and collect mail.

Surely a country so unsettled would have no touch whatsoever with a court case in far-off Boston. But time after time I, who could speak no Portuguese, listened as I heard my fellow passengers talk of Sacco and Vanzetti. At Marcelino Ramos, a frontier town in the heart of the forest, a newspaper was found which had been brought from one of the coast cities. The men all read it eagerly. Then they passed it to me. They pointed to the headlines, "Sacco-Vanzetti," as if they would have an explanation.

The next day we stopped at Cacequy. I doubt if there has been so picturesque and so primitive a frontier settlement since the time when our own West was being settled. Down a dirt road lined with blacksmith shops, bars, eating houses, and a general store, we walked, following behind an oxcart filled with oranges. Brazilian cowboys, who had ridden in to meet the weekly train, stared at its passengers and then went about their trading. A crowd gathered around a blind Negro who was playing the maxixe

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on his guitar. It was like being in a story land, so far, far away from modernity was this settlement.

Finally we reached our eating place, a shed which had been converted into a dining room. We all sat around a long table to eat our beans and rice and drink maté. The man next to me asked if I were a North American. Like all Brazilians, he wanted to talk even though we had no common language. He had been to the cities, he made me understand. We laughingly tried to talk to each other about my country. I would name the cities; he would make a comment upon them.

New York—his face beamed as with gestures he indicated its speed. Washington—he exclaimed with pleasure. Boston—the smile left his face. "Sacco-Vanzetti?" he asked. I could not answer his question.

As we were going through the illimitable plains of Uruguay the next day I discovered there was a fellow countryman on the train, the first I had met on that week's journey, day and night, through Brazil.

"Is it true that Sacco and Vanzetti are dead?" I asked.

"No, they have been granted a stay of sentence, some new evidence or something like that," he answered. Then he queried: "You've just come down from the States. What about that case?"

How was I to tell!

"Well, anyway, it's a fine old mess down here now. I've been over to Porto Alegre (the most important southern port city of Brazil)—had to go to see why we had a cancellation for a shipment of automobiles. Found out the fellow was getting in French cars when we thought we had him cinched. I asked him about it. 'It's this way,' he told me. 'Yours might be best—no, I haven't a complaint about them; satisfactory, but every time I think about that Sacco-Vanzetti business—'"

Upon arriving in Montevideo, Uruguay, and announcing my intention to go to the consulate for mail, protest was raised. "It's dangerous. There's a strike on. It's not safe to go there today. This town's a hotbed."

Sacco-Vanzetti again. A sympathy strike of the Uruguayans.

Then in Buenos Aires, one horrible week before the night of the execution! Sacco-Vanzetti—could one never escape those words, the reproach, the arguments, the hard feeling they engendered everywhere? Was there no getting away from this? Our countrymen were embarrassed.

"It is none of these Argentinos' business," they asserted. They looked sheepish as one turned on them: "No, it is none of their business. I guess we're just getting a taste of how these Latins like our interference in what they think is none of our business."

The Saturday before the execution there came a prized opportunity to talk to Dr. Alfredo Palacios, president of the Latin American Union, one of the most brilliant of the Argentines. I had gone to interview him, but he asked the first question: "Will Sacco and Vanzetti be saved?"

"No one knows," I answered. Then I asked: "But if they die—"

"Then it will take years for America to live down the hatred which will follow."

I believed him Monday afternoon—the day of the sympathy strike in the Argentine—as I skirted the crowds which filled the plaza before the House of Congress. Five speakers at different sections of the plaza were holding the crowd. Squadrons of mounted police were stationed within hearing distance. Other police watched the crowd from their vantage point in the monument overlooking the plaza.

And yet—no one was certain. There was only the newspaper bulletin. Flash after flash about this judge and that one. Finally there came the report that the defense had given up. Still, there might be a way to avert the trouble which the North Americans in the Argentine feared.

We awoke shortly after midnight to know that no way had been found. That was why this crowd was going so desperately along the Avenida de Mayo. The men in it had cared enough to wait before the newspaper office until the verdict came. They had cared enough—bolshevists or whatever else they might be called—to march slowly but not impassively in a protest against the United States.

But the Argentine Government was protecting the United States. Guards were there by the scores, their swords flashing as they rode along. A group of them were drawn up ready to ride should a signal come from the consulate, only a few blocks off the Avenida.

We watched until the chill of the Argentine winter night drove us to our beds for warmth. Long we lay listening to that marching, crying crowd in the street below.

"It is our country they hate!" was all we had to say to each other.

II. A Visit to the Men's Home Towns

By K. M. RATCLIFFE

TORREMAGGIORE is Sacco's birthplace; and here his father, sisters, brothers, and numerous relations still live. The father as a former mayor (podesta) of the city, is held in great respect, and doubtless his prestige is not lessened by the possession of a Fiat automobile. Torremaggiore lies on a hill about four miles to the west of San Severo, in Apulia, and San Severo by rail is a good thirty-six hours by train from the western frontier of Italy. It was early in the morning of a hot August day that the delegate of the American Defense Committee left Turin, with her English companion [the writer]. This was one week before the Boston executions.

The way lay across the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, passing many cities

> Whose names beholden
> Fill men's eyes with light as of golden
> Days more fair than their flight was fleet.

As an express message had been mailed from Turin, the pair were expected, and Sacco's brother was already on the platform with an interpreter, Angelo Carideo, a musician who comes and goes regularly between Italy and Boston. With affectionate concern the simple station *caffe* prepared a fresh brew of coffee and sent for the morning's milk. All the way this interest in the *cause célèbre* was accumulating. As the cart drove through the streets the morning markets lay on the curbs—piles of rosy tomatoes, beans, gourds of every size, shape, and color, peaches and grapes in abundance. Here and there the goats were being milked on the sidewalks.

The party became even more conspicuous as it was transferred into the spacious Fiat and charged up the long white hill to Sacco's home town. By a miracle no casualty was incurred, not even in the lanes of Torremaggiore, where

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again the morning markets seemed in full swing. The kindly hosts were anxious to show all that was possible of their native town, and so by many detours the Sacco home was reached.

From the moment of the visitors' arrival the coming and going never ceased. The circle of chairs in the large, lofty room was constantly added to. There were impetuously affectionate welcomes from the womenfolk and appreciative sympathetic greetings from the men. The crowd at the open doorway never dwindled, and that in spite of vigorous cuffs distributed repeatedly and at random by a spirited younger member of the group. One was grateful for something that softened the harrowing nature of the visit. The entrance of the father was unforgettable. He is probably in the prime of life, a small, spare figure, refined features, dignified and courteous manner. But the suffering depicted in his eyes and recorded in the lines of his face had given a look of premature age that touched the heart.

The American visitor produced her messages and with conscientious eagerness told the family how Nicolo had looked last June on the day of her farewell visit to the prison, how both had enjoyed the exercise with the Italian balls given them by friends, and much more that must have brought warmth and comfort to the listeners, who in turn read their message to the Pope and his Holiness's answer. While the interpretation of question and answer was going on, word was brought that the mayor would like to receive the visitors, and at once a group conducted them to the Palazzo Municipale. Here, in the Mayor's private room, the more technical points of the trial and its sequelae could be explained before a skilled member of the legal profession. The Mayor was a young, energetic man, evidently efficient and markedly proud of the Mussolini regime so far as it had affected Torremaggiore. By this time the need for food had become clamorous and the members of the Anglo-American mission had reason to be grateful when after many calls of the mayoral telephone, marmalade, jam, and sweet wafer biscuits were brought in for them, while one generous townsman, Silvio Palma, the second interpreter, surrendered his family's milk to the visitors, truly a gracious gesture.

Never can the departure fade from memory. Descending the white stone stairway to the sudden glimpse of a sea of heads, the walk from the City Hall to the car through a living lane of Nicolo Sacco's townsfolk, in their faces compassion welling up for his unhappy family; the farewells which only half hid the tears, and then, as the car broke away and they looked back for the last adieux, the deep regret that whatever else the visit had brought it could bring no hope.

The same underlying hopelessness marked the visit to the Vanzetti home, which took place on the Monday of the week before the executions. Villafolleta is a village of about four thousand, to the southwest of Turin, not far from the foothills of the Cottian Alps. By delaying the start till noon the crowd of holiday-makers were avoided; this was the second day of Ferragosto, the Italian bank holiday, when all who can leave the hot, dusty cities for the hot, dusty countryside, for family reunions and the excitement of the chase. At every little wayside station some simple *contadini* had come to meet their visitors, and boys and girls were submitting to the double kiss inflicted at most continental greetings and partings. Villafolleta is only two or three hours by stopping train from Turin, but the journey seemed long as well as hot. Yet the object of the visit in its tragic nature annihilated physical discomfort. As the Quakers say, the travellers "had a concern," and everything else sank into insignificance. The mere question: "La casa del Signor Vanzetti?" was enough to draw attention to the visitors as they stood outside the station and make sure that, as the country cart jolted peacefully along the mile of dusty road, and clattered into the broad pebble-paved street of "my micropolis," as Vanzetti himself called it, the other six travellers knew quite well why the two strangers should have been set down at this remote Italian village.

Bartolomeo's home was the village wineshop. Two cardboard placards announced his merchandise: "Vendita di Vino al Ingrosso." "Aceto bianco e rosso." (Wines sold wholesale. Red and white vinegar.)

The deputation passed out of the glare into the quiet of the tiny stone-flagged shop, where the lines of bottles were rigorously neat and regular. The same exquisite cleanliness and order were repeated in the adjoining room, whither Vanzetti's younger sister conducted her guests. It was small but lofty, its almost painful nakedness accentuating the worn refinement of her face and the rich beauty of the only ornament, a wrought silver crucifix fastened to the bare wall. Signorina Vanzetti's face would have melted adamant. The neighbors told of her constant weeping, and indeed the sad dignity of the reception she accorded was that of a Mater Dolorosa.

The handicap of no common language, felt so keenly on both sides, was in the end a means of grace. For from his adjacent home brown-eyed, glowing, young Pietro was quickly fetched, and proved the most delightful interpreter imaginable. His modest efficiency and unconscious youthful charm certainly helped to deaden the encounter with so huge a grief. The brother's letter was first delivered and then the representative of the Defense Committee told all the happy personal details she had stored in her memory for solace, support, and comfort. A cousin brought in iced-syrup drinks, while appreciative letters from an earlier American caller were shown, and the photo of the condemned brother with the faded roses sent from Paris at the time of Signorina Luisa's sailing for New York. It was all terribly moving. The younger sister's eyes begged for hope; hope there was none.

But the garden had to be seen. The dusty courtyard was crossed, where the elderly father was tranquilly shelling beans; the group crossed the lane into the little sunny garden where the squashes with their pretty Italian names sprawled across the grass, where beans lay drying among mulberry and peach trees and figs beginning to ripen. A deep, transparent brook was chattering past. How the unhappy man's memory must have lingered over the lovely details of his village home, perfect in its simple refinement and dignity. On the way back to the house the good father managed to tell in his broken English how he had been for several years in California in the fruit-canning business.

It was nearly midnight before Turin was reached; it was *festa* and the train was more than an hour late in starting. Cousin Caterina with her mother, Louise Caldera, had accompanied Pietro to the station, and the last view was of these dear affectionate Italians, for whom nothing was too much to show their sympathy with the family and their gratitude to the envoy.

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Some Mass Demonstrations

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

Heiligenblut, Austria, August 16

I. Berlin

WITH others of our kind we walked across the Schlossbrücke, past the angry lions crouching at the monumental feet of Wilhelm I to guard the spoils of empire, through the stony courtyards of the Schloss itself, and out into the Lustgarten. The Sunday brightness fell on small groups of Berliners perched here and there on benches and on the edges of granite monuments. A few children ran about. Some boys and girls walked through with packs on their backs, home from a week-end in the country. The Lustgarten was no less dull and no less peaceful than any other small city park on a Sunday afternoon. Except for one fact: that police walked or stood or lounged at every corner. Behind the lions in the corners of the stone colonnade, rifles were stacked in pyramids and policemen stood in groups beside them. Around the Schloss and in its echoing courtyards were more police—negligent and casual in manner, but with arms near at hand. Among the trees beyond the Dom, a squad marched along under the eye of an officer.

Were these the Sunday habits of the Berlin police force? I thought of asking a cheerful young officer who leaned against a bronze horse and smoked a pipe. But before I could ask there came the sound of a band, and in a moment a line of marching men and women rounded the corner of the Schloss. A few of the men wore gray tunics with red arm-bands; most of them were in nondescript workmen's clothes. The women were bareheaded. Some small children trotted beside them. There were banners—red banners—and placards: "The Capitalists Are Preparing a New War Against Soviet Russia." "Join the Red Front for the War Against War." "Soviet Russia is the Motherland of the Proletariat." And then other ideas, proclaimed rather as side issues: "Heraus mit Sacco and Vanzetti!" "Remember Our Fallen Comrades in Vienna."

These marching workers looked few and weak, I thought, in spite of the martial clamor of the band. But the police showed signs of interest and attention; and almost immediately more drums were heard, more banners flamed, more gray tunics and red arm-bands appeared at the corner. Soon, like a tide flowing in around rocks and sheer cliffs, the gray workers of Berlin swept past the stony barrier of the Schloss, eddied around statues and benches, and gathered into vast pools, while more workers poured through the narrow openings.

The Communist Party had called out the workers of Berlin on the anniversary of the Great War to protest against other wars in the making and especially to denounce the grouping of the Powers against Russia. And the workers were out. Active Communists, battalions of the *Rote Front*, working women, children, "youth" organizations, factory delegations, veterans of the war, all were united for a day in a wave of protest against the system that had driven them from war into starvation and threatened to drive them back into war again. They were of all ages, but a great number looked as if their childhood had passed in the hungry war years. They were thin and pale, but they knew how to march. They kept time and sang; the bands played gaily; the speakers shouted defiance at a world in league against peace. They kept time and sang and for a few hours they flowed through and possessed that piece of ground that had been an emperor's garden, and with their swelling strength they made themselves and me believe that the workers might indeed unite to stop wars and overthrow outworn systems. But all the while they knew—and I knew—that enough guns were stacked in nearby corners to drown the great square in the blood of the workers of Berlin.

"They're always pulling off these shows," said an American newspaperman. "The Social Democrats had an anti-war demonstration on August 1. I hear it was a fizzle." "I wouldn't call this one a fizzle," I said. "The papers say there were 125,000 workers out." "Yes," said the newspaperman, "the Communists pull off good ones. They all turn out—even the boys who vote Social-Democrat on election day. But it doesn't mean anything." "Why doesn't it?" I asked. "O, because they're always demonstrating," replied the newspaperman easily.

II. Vienna

But it meant something in Vienna. It meant, even on the face of it, the death of more than a hundred people, the destruction of fine buildings, the creation of a tangible atmosphere of fear and suspicion. Underneath it meant even more: it was a visible spasmodic shudder passing through a people who have suffered too long from misery and the pin-pricking of injustice. It was only a faint spasm—but it hesitated on the edge of a convulsion of revolt and terror. It hesitated and then collapsed under an indiscriminate downpour of soft-nosed bullets.

I reached Vienna on August 10. All over Europe, and in America, in ways sane and insane, people were protesting against the death of Sacco and Vanzetti, set for the following day. But Vienna was quiet; you would have thought it unconcerned. I asked Herr Breitner, Socialist chief of the city's finance department, how the people felt about the threatened execution.

"The feeling is very bitter against it among all classes," he said. "Even the bourgeois papers denounce it." "But there are no demonstrations," I said. "No, of course not now. Before July 15 surely there would have been great meetings. But now that sort of thing cannot be risked. The trouble in July came too close . . . a little more and it would have been revolution."

In Vienna, too, the workers were "always demonstrating." Here the demonstrations were Socialist-led, encouraged and directed by the militant Bauer. They have been used effectively as a fist shaken in the face of a reactionary Catholic government, and the workers have felt the exhilaration of power through direct action. In July it was apparently "just another demonstration"—spontaneous and, at the beginning, orderly and quiet. But flames sweep fast through ranks of marching men and women. The wild gestures of a few irresponsibles, the brutality of the police,

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these are enough to bring trouble when the marching ranks are hungry and hopeless to start with. Just a little more and it would have been revolution in Vienna; with a sure sequence of intervention and reaction to follow.

III. Heiligenblut

Mass demonstrations are of all sorts, and it is this that keeps the old guard in power. As long as the faiths of common men clash, the old guard is safe.

Yesterday was Marientag—the festival of the Virgin. Before daylight the bells in the steeple of the church of Heiligenblut began a pleasant, dissonant clamor. At seven o'clock and from then on at short intervals through the morning a gun let out thunderous lumps of sound that crashed against the steep rocks across the valley and bounced back from wall to wall. Soon after breakfast the procession began. It came from the church. Slowly it moved down the road. It comprised surely ten times the population of this little village. The farms far up on the mountain meadows above us, farms in other valleys, must have emptied themselves into the church. They were all there, especially the women, though the hay lay on the fields and the sun shone. A band played cheerful marches in several keys.

First came the youngest of the maidens with small wreaths of artificial white flowers on their heads. They marched soberly, their great awkward shoes clumping, their hands pressed together in attitudes of prayer. The older girls followed, dressed in their best hats with ribbons streaming. Their long skirts and fine silk aprons came down past the tops of their boots. They carried rosaries and murmured "Heilige Marias" while the band played. A few boys and men followed. The fortunate ones had laid off their Tyrolian breeches and feathered hats—worn even on Sunday for church—and had covered their knees with a clumsy version of store pants. Some carried banners. A group of sober middle-aged citizens held poles supporting a white canopy, embroidered in colors and gleaming gold. Under it were priests—not the parish priest, but important dignitaries from a distance, dressed in fine embroidered vestments. And one among them carried the tiny vial containing the drop of holy blood brought here by the good Saint Briccius in the tenth century. Then came the women. Strong young mothers with babies in their arms; heavy women, clumsy with farm work; old bent women. Their flat hats had flowers embroidered under the brim and ribbons falling from it; their aprons over full, long skirts were gay with stripes and flowered patterns. This was their day, the day dedicated to women and girls, so they marched in their best and said their prayers as they marched. But the faces of all except the young children in that long line were empty of all expression except one of heavy patience. They were earnest faces, brown and deeply cut by wind and the sharp sun. They were terrible faces, the faces of men and women who have spent all their years in a steady fight to draw life out of bare stony fields set up on edge against the sun. In no adult face was there a look of eagerness or humor or reflection. They were poor, bare souls making their mass demonstration to the suffering God who hung, even more stark and weatherworn than they, on the cross beside the road where they stopped to kneel in the dirt and chant their litany of hope.

They kneeled in the dirt. The old, old woman who had walked bent half over on her cane carefully picked up her long silk apron and her dark skirt and kneeled on the broad red and white stripes of her petticoat. She led the prayers of all the women around her. Her voice was surprising—harsh and strong. "Heilige Maria," she chanted, and the chorus of women joined in the phrases of their faith. She looked like a stark symbol of battered, spent humanity, voicing fiercely a belief in some better life in another world, quite remote from the world of hard and shining hills that leaned above her.

The band played and the mass demonstration of the workers of the mountain valleys got up from its knees and proceeded down the steep road, carrying with it the vessel of holy blood deposited here by miraculous means in the year 914 by the good Saint Briccius. Gladly, no doubt, they would have marched on to Vienna, if the need existed, to defend the faith against Socialists and atheists. For what is the duty of man but to support the Holy Church and to labor and suffer in patience, knowing that a heavenly reward awaits all but unbelievers and unrepentant sinners? And what is to become of this world if the forces of anti-Christ prevail and the Holy Church is delivered into the hands of her enemies?

These grim and earnest workers, in simple faith, are on the side of the old guard. And it is hard, here in the mountains, to believe that the faith of the workers of Berlin and Vienna can soon prevail against them.

In the Driftway

VARIOUS good people, especially church people, in this Christian land of ours have for the last few years been voluble in their denunciation of any kind feelings the State Department may have had toward Turkey. They say that Turkey should never be recognized by the United States and they base their plea upon the fact that the Turks have murdered so many of our Christian brothers, the Armenians.

* * * * *

NOW the Drifter holds no brief for a massaere, no matter who the victims may be, but he does feel that even a massacre may have extenuating causes. If the Armenian slaughters had as their sole reason the fact that the victims were Christians, the Drifter might more readily join the chorus of hate against Turkey and even insist that it should be outlawed by Mr. Kellogg and his Christian State Department. Even then it would be rather an illogical procedure. "Christian" nations have murdered a good many heathen in the last two thousand years, yet the Drifter has never heard of a heathen nation outlawing them on that account.

* * * * *

BUT the Drifter happens to have inside information on these Armenian massacres, and he feels much less bitter toward the Turks than he did in the days when he believed all that he was told by the history books and newspapers. For it appears that the real reason for these massacres involves not a question of religion but of brass beds. The Turk, so the Drifter is assured by a historically-minded, humorous realist, has an inordinate desire for brass beds. But the Turk finds it difficult to gather together the price of the beautiful shiny bed of his desire. The craving increases. Now there is always one person in his vicinity who has money—and that is the nearest Armenian. So the Turk goes to the Armenian and asks for a loan. The Armenian is

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always ready to lend money, at sufficient interest. Everybody is happy. The Turk has his bed, the Armenian his interest. In time, however, the Armenian begins to worry about his principal. He asks for it, but in vain. He demands it, and still it is not paid. Finally, he commits the unforgivable sin. He goes to the Turk's house and carries away the brass bed.

* * * * *

THIS series of events is almost invariably followed by an Armenian massacre. But the Turk is not murdering Christians. He is murdering bill collectors. And at this point the Drifter certainly has sympathy for the Turk. Of course, it may easily be that the Turk, because all the bill collectors he knows are Christians, thinks that all Christians are bill collectors, but this confusion is widespread even among the best minds, so the Turk can hardly be blamed for falling into it. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

On Leaving Newspapers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder if on leaving the *World* Mr. Broun felt as I did in leaving the dramatic department of a Boston newspaper after the dramatic editor had informed me that a Shubert musical comedy came in ahead of Ethel Barrymore in the reviews, because the Shuberts paid more per year to our paper for advertising than the Barrymore management.

My father, a veteran newspaperman, started training me at eighteen to be a sob sister. I quit at twenty-four. I couldn't be that much of a hypocrite.

Weirs, N. H., October 21 ZOE LEARY

Andrew Carnegie Said:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When Andrew Carnegie, on December 14, 1910, transmitted $10,000,000 to the Carnegie Peace Fund, he remarked, in the course of the letter of transmittal, that "the judge who presides over a cause in which he is interested dies in infamy if discovered." Could there be an apter summary of the probable future of one Webster Thayer, of Massachusetts?

Wilton, Conn., September 16 DEVERE ALLEN

Wayne B. Wheeler

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You missed the mark in your editorial on Wayne B. Wheeler, in my judgment, when you wrote:

"To his mind any means was justified that helped the good end—poison, sharp politics, perhaps even near-bribery."

A great many of us refuse to believe this; nor can what you call "the moral failure of national prohibition" be explained as easily as you infer.

Keep up your good work of exposing some of the other moral failures of our generation but please be fair to one of the most unselfish men of our time!

Berkeley, California, September 15 STANLEY A. HUNTER

A Buddhist Source for Christian Legend?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Through shortening of my notice of E. J. Thomas's "The Life of Buddha as Legend and History," published in *The Nation* for September 7, my meaning has been somewhat obscured. The place is in the next to last paragraph, where I speak of Mr. Thomas's apparent aversion for the notion that a few Christian gospel legends may be derived from Buddhist sources. In my original manuscript I had mentioned, with some reference to detail, the legend of the Buddhist saint Asita, which is an excellent parallel to the Angel Chorus and Presentation to Simeon, with the Nunc Dimittis, in Luke 2:8-18, 25-35. I then went on to say, as in the published review, "To escape the possible conclusion that the Buddhist legend is the source of the Christian, Mr. Thomas goes to much effort to show it 'late'—one version of it surely is not—and by referring to details in which variants disagree make it appear no parallel at all." The omission of my mention of Saint Asita and the Christian legends in Luke 2, leaves the pronoun "it" (occurring three times) in the sentence I have just quoted without an indication of the specific legend to which it refers.

In my original manuscript I had also pointed out, in this connection, the inexcusably inadequate bibliographical references Mr. Thomas gives on the subject of Buddhist and Christian borrowing.

Philadelphia, Pa., September 4 W. NORMAN BROWN

Vilma Glucklich

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The news from Vienna that Vilma Glucklich of Budapest died there suddenly on August 20 came as a shock to her friends. Her death is an irreparable loss to the international feminist and pacifist movement.

Vilma Glucklich, professor at a high school in Budapest, came from a family of educators. She was already teaching when in 1895 the schools of philosophy and medicine at the University of Budapest were opened to women. Vilma Glucklich left her post and matriculated, as the first woman student, in mathematics and science.

Like the multitude of persons mysteriously descended from the pioneers of the Mayflower, there is a whole generation of Ph.D.'s claiming to have sat next to Miss Glucklich during the four years of her university studies. Several years of teaching at a girls' high school in Fiume made her the idol of the Hungarian-Italian youth of that city. Changing to a post in a municipal school at Budapest she was singled out for leadership in the Hungarian feminist movement. From the start of the movement in 1904 to the day of her death she was president of the Hungarian Feminist League.

Men and women of all classes followed Vilma Glucklich's leadership enthusiastically. The purity of her character, her crystal-clear intellect, and her high scientific achievements were combined with a puritan reserve. But under the calm surface her soul was burning with indignation at the stupid mismanagement of human affairs.

Vilma Glucklich stood the fire-test of her convictions during the World War. The Feminist League, founded on pacifist principles, stood uncompromisingly against the war. Miss Glucklich refused to cooperate in civilian war work and, as professor in a municipal school, risked dismissal and worse.

At the Woman's Peace Congress at the Hague in 1915 she joined those who demanded immediate peace. But the compelling force of her personality and the political weight of her organization saved her from trouble. Some months later the military authorities sentenced her and some other Hungarian pacifists to a few days in prison for carrying on a house-to-house propaganda for peace, but they feared to make a martyr of her. Peace meetings continued all over the country.

When the opportunity offered in 1922, she left her work and her country to become, for three years, general secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, of which Jane Addams is president. From her headquarters in Geneva, she directed the work of women of all continents who united in opposition to the rule of international violence.

New York, September 1 ROSIKA SCHWIMMER

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Books and Plays

Sacco and Vanzetti

By KATHLEEN MILLAY

Wake

I am ashamed of weeping and of words,
They are the little way
For little woes
To swagger for a while and find their ease;
They are the empty way
For frightened souls
To clamor and be still.

Dirge

It is too much to know a million men
Can make no footprint on the bleeding world,
It is too hard for humankind to learn
A million million cries can but return
Into the emptiness whence they were hurled—
And wait a little while and cry again.

Elegy

If in the past at times I have forgotten,
If I have hoped the world was such a place
That men might live and laugh beneath the sun
And lay them down to rest when day was done—
If in the past at times I have forgotten,
Now nevermore again shall I forget.

Ancient Arabia

Handbuch der altarabischen Altertumskunde. In Verbindung mit Geheimrat Fr. Hommel und Prof. Nik. Rhodokanakis, Herausgegeben von Dr. Ditlef Nielsen. I Band: *Die altarabische Kultur*, mit 76 Abbildungen. Kopenhagen: Nyt Nordisk Forlag, Arnold Busck.

THE Queen of Sheba need not be jealous of Semiramis. Like her, she once moved in majesty before the eyes of men, the representative of a vanished and forgotten civilization. She came from the ends of the earth to see Solomon and all his glory, tried him with riddles, communed with him of all that was in her heart, and gave him incense, gold, and precious stones. Then, like her Assyrian sister, she was relegated to the shadowy realm of legend. Now Semiramis has returned to the stage of history as a real queen sitting on her throne in 811-808 B.C., though she occupies a modest place among the hundred rulers of Assur, Calah, and Nineveh. Such miracles may be wrought where the spade is at work and inscribed bricks are turned up by the thousand. Arabia's past is also unfolding. While circumstances have not yet permitted excavations, thanks to the travels and labors of such men as Karsten Niebuhr, Arnaud, Halévy, and Glaser, copies and squeezes of about seven thousand inscriptions on stone have been secured, our knowledge of the country has greatly increased, and a tentative outline of its history for perhaps fifteen centuries before Mohammed is possible. In the light of what is known today it is not at all improbable that when Solomon was building ships at Ezion-geber, on the Aelanitic gulf, an Arabian queen, perchance a fair rebel in the northern colony of Sheba, set out on a neighborly visit to Jerusalem to talk over the political situation and, after the fashion of monarchs, to establish an *entente cordiale* against common enemies. What is of vastly more importance, the story of her people's life, their kings and parliaments, their social institutions, their agriculture, trade, and commerce, their palaces and temples, their religious conceptions and practices, can now be roughly told.

Nothing could give a better idea of the advance of our knowledge in this field through recent discoveries than the "Handbook of Arabian Antiquity" now appearing in German under the competent editorship of Dr. Ditlef Nielsen of Copenhagen. When the extraordinary difficulties of the task are considered, the first volume, just out, must be regarded as a work of real distinction and great value. Students of the epigraphic material will, of course, look forward with special interest to the texts, many of them still unpublished, the translations, the commentaries, and the lexicon and grammar promised for volumes II and III. But historians, sociologists, artists, and theologians will be grateful for the general orientation volume I provides. It is authoritative, amply documented, and excellently written. Dr. Nielsen begins with an admirable sketch of the material, how it has been obtained, where it is, and what it amounts to. He takes in not only the inscriptions from Ma'in, Saba, Kataban, and Hadhramaut, kingdoms known already to Eratosthenes and Strabo, but also the Linyanian and Thamudene around al-'Ula, the Safa'itic south of Damascus, and the recent Sinaitic, as well as the earlier Abyssinian. His teacher, Professor Hommel, with whom he studied many years at Munich, outlines the history of the South Arabian states.

The chapter on Public Life in the Old South Arabian States, by Professor Rhodokanakis, is an extraordinarily valuable contribution. Perhaps the most startling discovery is that parliamentary institutions existed, at least in Kataban. They consisted of a general assembly, meeting in the capital, in which the nobility and land owners of the various tribes were represented, excluding apparently only slaves and peons; and a council, made up of a limited number of nobles and probably officials, who proclaimed the law in the name of the king. Both had administrative as well as legislative functions. One is reminded of the Carthaginian constitution, though Aristotle's account is none too clear.

In the closing section, Dr. Nielsen treats at length the religious life of ancient Arabia. In all parts of this country he finds a divine triad, father, mother, and son, the moon-god, the sun-goddess, and the boy Venus. The numerous other divine names are, at least originally, adjectives designating qualities of these three. Il, Ilah, al Ilahu, Allah is the great national lunar deity. Renan went too far in positing a primitive Semitic monotheism, but "the possibility cannot be denied that Il once was what he later became, a spiritual, personal god, having nothing to do with any nature cult." Ilahat, Allat, as well as al Uzza is the solar goddess. Athtar is Venus worshipped as a god. Among the northern Semites, coming from Arabia, the sun (Shamash, Shemesh) became a god, and Venus (Ishtar, Astarte) a goddess, because of changed social conditions. El, Eloah, Elohim remained a lunar god, and so also Yahu, Yahwe, symbolized by a bull, as in Arabia, before the connection with the moon was severed through the prophetic movement. In Israel this movement derived strength from the surviving Arabian tendency to emphasize divine paternity and mercy in contrast to the dominant North Semitic conception of man's relation to the deity as that of slave to master. In Arabia, Mohammed was more profoundly affected by native thought than by what little he knew of either Judaism or Christianity.

The simplicity and grandeur of this conception are impressive, and there is unquestionably a great deal of truth in it. Yet it is impossible to suppress some doubts and queries. Is it likely that all objects of divine worship were connected with the celestial luminaries? May not many of the adjectives refer to local numina? Were there no mountain, tree, and

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river gods, no chthonic divinities in Arabia? The El of Penuel was apparently a river god. Is it necessary to suppose that, before the Arabian Il was associated with the moon, he was "a spiritual, personal god"? Were there no survivals of earlier stages of religion, animistic and pre-animistic? Did really all the peoples classed as Semites come from Arabia? As regards the Semitic alphabet, its origin is pushed back to the middle of the second millennium B.C. This is justifiable, whatever the date of the Ahiram inscription may be or the significance of the Sinaitic graffiti. Format, paper, print, illustrations, and indexes are excellent. But there should have been, in addition to the routes of Niebuhr, Halévy, and Glaser, a general map of Arabia.

NATHANIEL SCHMIDT

A Hungarian View of Diplomacy

Bismarck, Andrássy, and Their Successors. By Count Julius Andrássy. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

WITH the exception of certain voluminous contributions like Conrad's "Aus Meiner Dienstzeit," the Austrians and Hungarians have been scarcely as prolific as the Germans in producing autobiographies and memoirs dealing with the pre-war diplomacy. Hence we may welcome this first instalment of a two-volume work by the son of one of the most famous of Hungarian statesmen since the union of 1867. The present volume deals with the period from 1870 to 1905, and the second will bring the story down through the war period.

Count Andrássy takes the sensible view that a correct understanding of the diplomatic history of Europe from 1870 to 1914 is the indispensable basis for the correction of the evils of contemporary European diplomacy and international relations. In his two earlier books, which followed the outbreak of the war and the Treaty of Versailles respectively, he sharply criticized the alleged bellicose policy of Germany. Now, after reading the "Grosse Politik," he admits that:

> In the twenty-five volumes of the Transactions of the German Foreign Office that I have so far been able to examine, there is not a single expression to lend color to the allegation of belligerent aims on the part of any German statesman—not a single remark which even an unfriendly reader could interpret as bellicose.

There is little in the book which will be novel to those familiar with Rachfahl, Brandenburg, and Hammann, but it is a moderate and highly interesting work, which takes on added importance from the distinction of the author and the fact of his personal knowledge of many of the episodes and personages dealt with. It is particularly illuminating on account of the estimates of personalities, of which the most complete is that of the Kaiser. He acknowledges the Kaiser's intellectual ability, his devotion to the prosperity and happiness of Germany, and his desire for European peace, but criticizes his international manners and diplomatic methods. Andrássy is highly critical of the Russians, though he recognizes the personal honesty and pacific intent of the Czar. By and large, the new Russian documents support his indictment.

In general, his case against the Central Powers comes down to this: that Germany after Bismarck's time, for the most part, exhibited excellent diplomatic technique in a dubious policy, while Austria spoiled a good policy by maladroit diplomacy:

> If only Vienna had known how to use its inherently good policy more skilfully, if only Bülow had devoted his superior diplomacy and personal ability, coupled with the loftier prestige of Germany, to the cause of a better basal idea, the position of the Central Powers might have been far more favorable.

This verdict is certainly correct in regard to German policy with respect to England and Russia. With respect to Morocco, however, exactly the reverse was true. Germany there bungled an excellent cause by stupid diplomacy. The chief mistakes of Germany were her letting go of Russia in 1890; her failure to seize the psychological moment for an alliance with England, after having abandoned Russia in part to secure better relations with England; and the needless irritation of England by the specific methods and attitudes of Germany in the policy of creating her larger fleet. His criticism of Germany for failure to link up with England is sharp, for he holds that it was the greatest of the German diplomatic blunders and was what made possible the launching of the World War by France and Russia. He holds Holstein chiefly responsible here. In the main his view is correct, though he takes Eckhardstein slightly too seriously and fails to indicate adequately the failure of England to offer reciprocal advantages and obligations in return for what she demanded from Germany. Particularly accurate and cogent is his general estimate of German world policy as compared with that of the Entente and the United States. He contends that Germany was less culpable in fact, but seemed chiefly at fault because of her noise and bluster.

In an eloquent passage Andrássy defends the thesis that there was nothing aggressive in Austro-Hungarian foreign policy after 1878, the sole ambition of this state being to preserve the status quo. This was not due to any unearthly nobility of ideals or policy, but simply to the fact that such procedure was to the interest of the Dual Monarchy. Disaster came to Austria-Hungary chiefly because she did not have enough weight in European affairs to exert a decisive influence, particularly in promoting Anglo-German concord, and because her diplomatic methods in the Balkans alienated those who might have been made friends by a more adroit procedure.

Andrássy might have said more about the effect of Tisza's treatment of the Rumanians in the Dual Monarchy in alienating the Balkan peoples, but, in the large, it must be admitted that his estimate of the policies and methods of the Central Powers is remarkably accurate. We shall await with impatience his second volume, which will treat of an even more thrilling period.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Brain Child

The Love Child. By Edith Olivier. The Viking Press. $1.50.

AT first glance "The Love Child" would seem to be one of those child-birth-and-abortion books of which there are too many masquerading as realism in a suddenly sex-conscious America. Miss Olivier's little novel has a title that is provocative and wittily deceptive. For Clarissa, the love-child of Agatha Bodenham, spinster, might be more accurately described as a brain child, since she is a pure figment of Agatha's imagination. Agatha in her lonely inability to make any friends whatsoever creates Clarissa with such intellectual earnestness and passion that the child becomes real and embarrasses her creator by her physical presence. Agatha explains to an inquisitive policeman that Clarissa is a love-child, an explanation which creates gossip but not scandal, since no one can believe such an event in Agatha's blank life. Clarissa grows into an engaging neighborhood character, draws friends to the lonely Bodenham house, and eventually a lover, David. But at David's kiss Clarissa vanishes forever from physical reality—like Peter Pan, she can never grow up. And Agatha is left none too sanely lamenting.

This remarkable tale is told with an utmost simplicity that gives credence to the incredible and with a gravity that points up the fantastic with humor. On the surface it is a literary *hors d'œuvre* told with unfashionable and welcome tenderness. Underneath are discovered philosophical and Freudian implications. "The Love Child" might illustrate fictionally Berkeley's intricate notion that nothing has existence outside of the mind, or it might be an aesthetic demonstration of the famous suppressed desire. And most happily of all it is not outside the realm of the fairy tale, a fairy tale however, like the might-have-been daughter in one of Barrie's plays, not quite innocent of tragedy and tears.

MARIE LUHRS

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The Science of Social Psychology

An Introduction to Social Psychology. By L. L. Bernard. Henry Holt and Company. $4.50.

PROFESSOR BERNARD'S volume will take its place among the distinctive additions to the rapidly growing shelf of texts and guides in this engaging but not well-defined field. It merits recognition by virtue of the author's command of his data and their coordination, his industry and skill, his directness and independence of approach and presentation. No student or reader can follow this compendium attentively without securing a profitable acquaintance with the problems, the concepts, the points of view, the data, the conclusions that constitute the sociological thought of the day. It may well become a preferred avenue for class-room and reference service.

By reason of these not inconsiderable credits, the volume may be discussed in terms of the more fundamental service to be expected of "social psychology." What shall be the credentials and province of that science? The question arises whether "social psychology" is the specialty of the psychologist who focuses upon the social phases of psychic behavior, or of the sociologist surveying the psychological foundations of his domain. Content and treatment will follow accordingly. At closer range we meet the same issue (or, as it hardly carries that measure of disagreement, the same alternative of emphasis or preference of exposition) in considering the phenomena common to the two disciplines either predominantly as trends of behavior, as psychic *processes*, or as their *products* characteristically institutional, but in so comprehensive a sense as to include customs, beliefs, organization, and the instruments of their continuity. The sociologist's point of view will conceive the project in terms of products, concrete working details, materials, specifications, environmental conditioning; the psychologist's bent will run to plans, styles, meanings, formulae, interpretations, the interplay of processes and their career. The one will consider what man does in terms of what he is; the other will trace the essential evidence of what he is in what he does.

One must be careful not to overvalue definitions and demarcations; there is no intention of either scientist to stake a claim and homestead the territory. The remark is apposite that sociology was founded by taking possession of the neutral territory where the contours of the other sciences failed to meet; yet the organization of that domain imposes the obligation of a proper logical system of occupation. If he is an adherent of the one temper, the social psychologist will present those phases of psychology of most direct service to the sociologist, just as the "educational psychologist" would serve the teacher, or the "medical psychologist" the prospective and practising physician. If his alliance is in the other camp, the social psychologist will analyze and interpret human institutions as psychological data, for the psychology that in them lies, as a differently minded student would survey them for their economic bearing, and another for their moral aspects; for thus are economists and moralists specialized. It would lead to clarity and orderliness of exposition to have these purposes clearly in mind, however liberal and eclectic their application.

Presumably an excellent and serviceable text could be prepared from either approach, so much more does value depend upon the skill of the expositor, his individual flair for the pursuit; the success of the exploration is determined by the explorer's capacity and insight more than by his choice of routes. So judged, Professor Bernard's volume, like many another, invites criticism. Two defects are conspicuous: the constant and detailed concern with definitions, concepts, triangulations, elaborate preparations for a journey that is never consummated; and the equally constant occupation with the generic, the abstract, the principular to the consequent neglect of the concrete, the descriptive, the actual and factual realities, the clinical diagnosis, without which (to change the figure) the portrait of social psychology is featureless. For one gathers, despite the shift of focus and lack of precision, that Professor Bernard is a sociologist who has delved into the psychological foundations of his science more deeply than many of his confreres, through the conviction shared by many that man the sociological reagent can be understood only through the intricacies of the human psychological organism. He is so bent upon including every phase of a psychological determinism that the resulting composition is crowded and its meaning obscured; and since he has adopted this manner of perspective, the sociological canvas, when he reaches it, is over-psychologized.

A better "sociology" would have resulted if the author had made the psychological background more precise, and had made more concrete and prominent the sociological nature of *homo psychologicus*. Professor Bernard is an environmentalist. That conviction determines his psychology and might bring him into a spirited controversy with those who assign a deeper determining potency to the organic conditioning; it makes his treatment of temperament, disposition, sex, and race rather cavalier, and ascribes to human grafting and training a value in some directions exaggerated, in others distorted.

In the confederation of the sciences the position of psychology is secure. The temptation is strong for the sociologist to capitalize the large psychological stock which he must carry to accredit the total conduct of his enterprise. If he leans too heavily upon the psychologist for his *Fach-material*, he may have a fear that his occupation will be curtailed; if he concerns himself too dominantly with human products, he may be trespassing upon the domain of the anthropologist, or the economist, or the moralist, or the religionist. Yet sociology cannot attempt to be all things to all men. Doubtless the day of system-building is of the past; but the ventures of Herbert Spencer, and, with greater pertinence and pioneering penetration, those of Lester F. Ward, still exemplify the ideal of a distinctive career which modern eclecticism has too largely forsaken. We still await the master sociologist to justify the conviction that he can lay the keystone in the arch of the science of humanity.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Buddha Once More

The Life of Buddha, according to the legends of ancient India. By A. Ferdinand Herold. Translated from the French by Paul C. Blum. A. and C. Boni. $3.

OF the three biographies of the Buddha that have appeared recently, M. Herold's, within the limitations of the surviving materials, is the most effective in accomplishing its avowed purpose.[1] It is not meant, as are the others, to decide the historicity of the various legends preserved or to provide an exact rendering of the Buddha story according to the oldest established texts, but rather to extract the essence of Buddhist feeling about the Master and present it intelligibly and beautifully to Western minds. The result is wholly admirable.

The key to an understanding of Buddhism lies in the story of Gotama, just as with Christianity it lies in the story of Jesus. The theme, as with the founder of any religion, is the evil of the present existence and the hard-to-find road to something better: the quest of Siddhartha, god become man, his struggle and his victory, constitute life, entanglement, and release as ideally conceived by the Buddhist masses. The same legends were carved into enduring rock by Buddhist artists throughout most of Asia, but especially in the Gandhara region about two thousand years ago, and everywhere furnish the subject of the greater part of Buddhist art. Even those innumerable statues of the Buddha that all seem alike to uninformed eyes really represent a number of different moments in the great story. Such is its importance to the Buddhists.

The narrative of M. Herold is not much interrupted with

[1] The other two biographies were reviewed in *The Nation* for September 7, 1927.

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doctrinal teaching. This seems to reflect the attitude of the Buddha himself, for his message appears to have been exceedingly simple. Discourses have been preserved in which he refuses to discuss difficult metaphysical problems, and it might have added another jewel to the crown of M. Herold's book if he had utilized one of them. Doctrine on abstruse points was not relevant to the solution of the great problem of religion.

M. Herold's account is taken from ancient Buddhist texts, composed of inseparable fact and fiction, which he does not translate or reproduce in full, but re-renders with condensation, retelling, paraphrasing. This in itself would not be sufficient to make his book a work of art, but in addition he tells the tale with an unsurpassed choice of word and a corresponding simplicity of style that, matching the beauty and naïveté of his originals, gives the spirit of the Buddha story as well as its substance. Such is the aim of every conscientious popularizer and interpreter, but only rarely is it achieved.

W. Norman Brown

Books in Brief

How Red Is America? By Will Irwin. J. H. Sears and Company. $1.50.

The answer is "Not very." The American Legion and the alarmists may rest in peace. The Communist Party with its fringe of sympathizers number, according to the author's outside guess, no more than 75,000. Add 3,000 anarchists and 16,000 I. W. W.'s and you have 95,000, or one-sixth of one per cent of the adult population of the United States. The other brand of "reds," who are really pale pink, the Socialists, are favored with a liberal estimate of 400,000, members and camp-followers together. All told, this dilutes 100% Americanism with three-fourths of one per cent of "redness." The "redicals," says Mr. Irwin, "are losing ground." He has figures to prove it. Why? In a few pages he traverses the entire American economic scene to show how improvements in the workers' lot, trade union capitalism, employee share holding, etc., along with Fords, radios, and bathtubs have made a difference. The author may be right, but his method here is slipshod. When he asserts that millions own Standard Oil stock he ought to prove it and show whether the "millions" are workingmen. In an effort to be "jazzy" and interesting, scientific procedure has been sacrificed. The future? This chapter is a hodge-podge of everything which says nothing. Our halcyon days of prosperity, to be sure, will end and there will follow distress and discontent, "the soil in which radicalism flourishes." But it will depend on Europe's recovery, on the rise of a "red Moses or Marx, on developments in Russia, on the relation between the Soviet government and the Communist Internationale, on the emergence of political trade unionism here, and on many other things, including a new cut in Karl Marx's whiskers." (Mr. Irwin owes an apology to H. G. Wells for this.) The whole thing is a racy and elongated magazine article.

China and Foreign Powers: An Historical Review of Their Relations. By Frederick Whyte. Oxford University Press. $1.

This little apologetic for British policy in China was presented to the Institute for Pacific Relations at Honolulu by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, apparently as a model of British historical research. The careful reader may be intrigued by the contrast between the two and a half lines which veil British advances in Tibet and the pages given to Russian moves in Mongolia. One gathers that the pro-Chinese orientation of the Washington Conference, including the denunciation of the British-Japanese alliance, was of purely British inspiration, and that the British have no responsibility for their failure to keep their promise to return Weihaiwei to the Chinese; one learns that "in the present politically weak state of China the Consortium is almost the only remaining bulwark of her political integrity" and that the Reorganization Loan of 1913, which enabled Yuan Shih-kai to crush the republican movement, was part of British determination to "stand aside and leave China to work out her own salvation"—and that such is British policy today more than ever. The mind of a British "liberal imperialist" is a curious phenomenon.

The Europa Year-Book, 1927. Edited by Michael Farbman, Ramsay Muir, and Hugh F. Spender. Harper and Brothers. $5.

"An annual survey of economic and social conditions; a European directory and Who's Who in politics, trade, commerce, science, art, and literature," the editors call this book. It is, in fact, a sort of modernized "Statesman's Yearbook," less official, less governmental, more concerned with the economic problems which dominate the formal veneer of politics.

The Art of History. By Prof. J. B. Black. F. S. Croft and Company. $2.50.

The historical specialist of today considers his predecessors of the past as mere amateurs. Nevertheless, history has fallen from its high estate. The new scholarship has not produced works with a vitality that will hold the readers of future generations. Professor Black attacks the problem by the case system. He analyzes four historians of the eighteenth century, Voltaire, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. He traces the elements of their success and in it finds a lesson for the modern historiographer. Many inaccuracies can be pointed out in their work. Their criticism of sources was not thorough. Voltaire failed to carry out his books on the vast scale he planned. Hume was led astray by his didacticism. Gibbon very rarely got down to really primary sources. Robertson had very formal ideas about the dignity of history which stiffened his style. This illustrious quartette, however, were saved from the perils of too great specialization. "They applied the whole culture of the age in which they lived to what they did know of the past." Professor Black believes that history should cease to ape the exact sciences and regain its ancient footing among the muses.

Insurance Trusts. A Manual for Attorneys and Life Underwriters. By C. Alison Scully. The Spectator Company. $3.

A convenient digest of information concerning both the legal and the business aspects of a most interesting recent development in the field of trust service and life insurance.

Drama

Stone Walls Do Not

THE John Golden Theater, until recently given over on alternate weeks to a portrayal of the difficulties of Ned McCobb's daughter and to an exposition of the ease with which a too loving son may trip over the Silver Cord, now echoes nightly to the spit of an automatic and resounds with the familiar "Y-e-a-h? Now what d'yuh think about that?" ironically uttered by one of those ubiquitous plain-clothes men who—upon the stage at least—are always dropping in upon the enterprising burglar just at the moment when he is least anxious to receive visitors. This time Sullivan—known to his intimate enemies as "Sully"—is on the trail of a reformed gunman who unfortunately forgets himself so far as to fling an old enemy off a roof-top, and in the end Sully marches off with his victim not because the latter had not provided himself with a water-tight alibi, but because he has come to realize that he chooses that inward freedom which not even a prison can take away rather than submission to a mean little woman who knows his secret. The occasion of these proceedings is "Four Walls," a new melodrama written by Dana Burnet but touched up and directed by George Abbott, whom it has become the custom

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to call in whenever it is necessary that a rough-house shall be made thoroughly convincing and that the pistols shall not fail to go off. If you still like this sort of thing—and the incontrovertible evidence of the box-office proves that a great many people still do—it is to be noted that "Four Walls" is one of the best of its kind. It is more careful than most pieces in a similar style to build up a convincing atmosphere before the shooting begins, and it is calculated to hold the nerves tense until the last curtain.

There is, indeed, some evidence that the original author had at one time some idea of writing a drama of character before he yielded to the dangerous impulse to distribute pieces of what the thugs of melodrama euphemistically call "hardware" to the members of his dramatis personae, but thereafter he forgot his purpose in the excitement which they introduce. The hero, a thoughtful young Jewish boy, has succumbed to the influence of his environment, but when the curtain rises he has just returned home after five years in prison and he is still chewing the cud of reflection. Stone walls, he thinks, do not a prison make, and freedom lies within. It is from our passions, from the things which we want, that (*pace* a still more learned Jew) we forge the chains of our realest bondage, and it is in the realm of the intellect that we must seek for human freedom. "Four Walls" promises to trace the effect of this idea in the mind of a half-articulate East-Sider, and the final situation is intended to indicate the conclusion to which it brought him; but during most of the proceedings the purpose of the play is pretty thoroughly lost sight of.

Now the "laws of the drama" exist for the most part only in the imagination of pedants and there are few of them which have not been triumphantly disobeyed by the breakers of tablets, but there is one which is well nigh inviolable and that is the one which rests upon the sound psychological principle that one cannot successfully play upon the mind and the nerves at the same time. Mr. Burnet cannot expect us to be interested in Spinoza when pistols are being flashed upon the stage, for when someone is about to be shot it never makes, for the moment, very much difference why, in the idiom of this sort of play, he is going to be bumped off. When melodrama comes in at the door every other kind of drama flies out of the window, and one must make one's choice. Many other authors before the present one have fancied that they might make cerebration more palatable to the general by relieving it from time to time by something more exciting, but the plan never works because, if thoughtfulness seems pallid to some when it stands alone, it inevitably seems so to everybody when placed in juxtaposition to things more immediately and superficially exciting. When "thoughtful" melodrama succeeds it is always because it is melodrama, never because it is thoughtful, and such will be the case in the present instance. "Four Walls" is both written and directed in such a way as to keep its melodramatic values intact and it will be popular, but it will be so because while its appeal to the nerves is never once forgotten its Spinoza remains a mere harmless excrescence.

Seeking about for an ultimate absurdity and supposing that I had found it I once suggested that our dramatic censors should see to it that, out of respect to the friendly Japanese, no revival of "The Mikado" was ever attempted here; but the censors always forestall by an actuality any extravagance of satiric imagination, and from the program of the current production I learn that in 1907 the English Lord Chamberlain not only issued a ban against it on the ground that it might give offense to a Japanese prince then visiting in London, but stuck to it even after the prince in question had publicly declared that he would not be offended. I trust, however, that no untimely visitor from the Orient will, in the present instance, interrupt the run of the joyous and well-nigh perfect revival of that opera which Winthrop Ames has produced *con amore* at the Royale Theater. In New York we are accustomed to the lavish spending of money and Mr. Ames has not stinted himself in that direction, but we rarely see productions upon which care and skill have been so generously expended. Not only is it rich both pictorially and musically, but the difficult job of coordinating the various elements, of seeing to it that the picturesqueness, the tunefulness, and the humor all get their due without interfering one with another, has been most adroitly accomplished. It is rich with effective business, it shows everywhere the presence of excellent taste, and it is, all in all, probably as satisfactory a performance of the opera as has ever been given.

"Ten Per Cent" (Cohan Theater) manages to extract a reasonable amount of amusement out of the adventures of two ambitious young theatrical producers with a Jewish "angel" who is equally anxious to satisfy his daughter by getting her on the stage and to satisfy himself by getting her safely married. "My Maryland" (Jolson's Theater) is another of the elaborate Shubert operettas with lusty marching choruses and impressive ensembles. Although "Revelry" (Theatre Masque) is said to take place "in the day beyond our day," every little schoolboy will recognize in it the story of the scandals and corruption that shook the Harding Administration. Dramatized by Maurine Watkins from Samuel Hopkins Adams's novel, the play is a somewhat jerky melodrama which only at times becomes impressive.

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International Relations Section

Trotzky Answers Some Questions

ON August 19 the delegation of American labor men and economic experts who recently visited the Soviet Union, interviewed Leon Trotzky, who answered a number of questions submitted to him by members of the delegation. A detailed account of the interview appeared in the Moscow *Pravda* of August 24 which accompanied Trotzky's answers with some remarks of its own. Trotzky's answers and the comments of the *Pravda* follow in part:

Q. Would it be correct to say that the Soviet state is a democracy, or should it be said that this is a dictatorship of one class or of a part of that class—the Communist Party?

A. It depends on what is understood by democracy. I agree that, from the point of view of the existing American democracy, the Soviet Union may be denied the right to call itself a democracy. But I reserve for myself the right to deny, from our point of view, that the United States constitutes a democracy. . . . The United States is ruled by the dictatorship of the most concentrated capital under the camouflage of the external forms of political democracy. . . . The Soviet system represents the dictatorship of the working class which has no interest in misleading anybody as to the character of its dictatorship. . . . Another essential difference . . . is in the fact that, while the feudal lords and capitalists strive to perpetuate their rule, the Communist Party looks upon the dictatorship of the proletariat only as upon a temporary passing phase. The object of the revolutionary dictatorship is to create a society wherein there will be no need of state authority since it will be based on the solidarity of the producers liberated from exploitation and with all class barriers removed.

Q. Why is there no freedom of the press and of speech?

A. In order to answer this question we again have to agree as to what is understood by freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly. Everybody has the freedom to fly. But in order to exercise this freedom one must have an airplane. The workers in any democratic country may have the right to their own press, their meetings, etc. But for the press you must have printing plants and paper, and for meetings you must have halls and leisure time, and these things belong not to the workers but to the bourgeoisie. . . . For the workers of America freedom of the press means the freedom to buy for two cents one of those newspapers which are created by bourgeois journalists in the interests of the capitalists. . . . There is no such freedom in our country. . . . We have put these material instruments of the "freedom of the press" to serve the interests of educating the working classes and the people generally.

Q. Is it not a fact that, under the Soviet regime, there may be a possibility of the people being dissatisfied and not having any means for the expression of its dissatisfaction?

A. Of course, the possibility or the existence of dissatisfaction cannot be denied. As long as there is scarcity, as long as there are class differences—and all these things exist in our country—it is inevitable that there should be dissatisfaction, and this dissatisfaction is a force moving forward. Can it find expression? We maintain that, notwithstanding the shortcomings of the Soviet regime as it is at present, this system—through the agency of our Party—offers incomparably greater possibilities for the more complete and direct expression of the interests and feelings of the toiling masses than the thoroughly artificial and deceptive system of bouregois democracy. . . . The Soviet state system, as opposed to bourgeois democracy, offers the working masses incomparably greater possibilities of exerting their direct influence on the course of the national and social life.

Q. What are the causes preventing the recognition of the Soviet Union by the Government of the United States and what should be done for the elimination of these causes?

A. To this question, I should like to hear the answer of the esteemed guests. The basic obstacle, as I understand it, is rooted in the contradictory character of our social systems. The United States at present represents the most complete, the most perfected, and the most powerful expression of the capitalist system, and we represent the first experiment, the rough sketch, of a socialist system. . . . The basic obstacle cannot be removed since neither country is prepared to change its system voluntarily. However . . . much might be done to improve relations. In the first place, it is necessary to explain that we are not as bad as we are thought in America. . . . It is necessary, in particular, to explain that, although we are opposed to private ownership in principle, we heed existing facts, and when we conclude contracts with capitalists, we faithfully carry out our obligations. Why are we being accused of subversive propaganda? Because the capitalist governments cannot reconcile themselves to the fact that there exists a government which represents a non-capitalist mode of thinking.

Take, for example, our present conversation. We are sitting here in a government institution. I have before me a list of about twenty questions, and almost every one of these questions . . . might be construed as an attempt at the overthrow of the Soviet order. Nevertheless not one of our newspapers would think of accusing the esteemed guests of subversive propaganda against the Soviet regime. But imagine a delegation from the Soviet Union in one of the government institutions at Washington putting to one of the government officials of the United States similar queries and questioning the very bases of the American social and state order. You can see for yourself that it is impossible. I beg pardon if my words might be construed by somebody as a reproach for asking such questions. . . . I only want to show that if we should ask questions of this nature in regard to a capitalist state, they would invariably be pictured as an attempt at subversive propaganda.

Q. What are the tasks of the Soviet Government in the field of foreign policies?

A. Our primary task is to maintain and preserve the peace. We think that this task we have in common with the laboring masses of all the world. . . . Our efforts to preserve the peace are rooted in the very foundations of our order, which is a state of workers and peasants, and for us it is a law of social and cultural self-preservation.

Q. Will the Soviet Union be in a position to overtake the advanced capitalist countries, and how soon?

A. We are constantly advancing—that has been proven by facts. We have no doubt but that we can keep on advancing. That part of the national income which formerly had been diverted to the monarchy, the nobility, the bourgeoisie, can now be spent for the development of the productive forces and for raising the material and cultural level of the working masses. We have the great advantage of a centralized economic management. . . . The distance which separates us from the advanced capitalist countries is still very great. Our task is to lessen this distance systematically by the rational utilization of our own internal resources as well as of those additional resources which we may receive—of course, at the price of adequate compensation—from the world markets of capital and goods. But in order to answer the question as to when we may overtake the capitalist countries, it is also necessary to know what will happen to those countries in the meantime. . . . At present the capitalist countries of Europe have attained the pre-war economic level. Simultaneously we see the recurrence of the struggle for markets and for the sources of raw ma-

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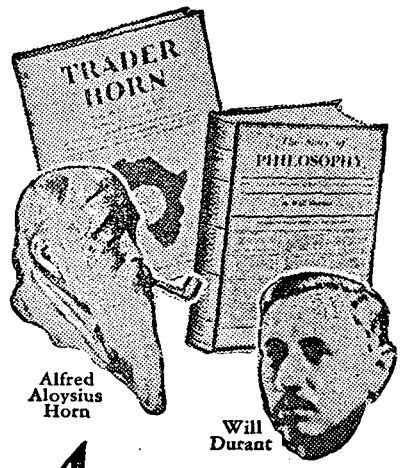

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terials . . ., i.e., that same struggle which, thirteen years ago, led to an imperialist war. The further growth of the productive forces in capitalist countries will automatically lead toward a new war, and a new war will bring on a revolution, first of all in Europe (the United States will have a respite). On the whole the immediate future will be one of gigantic economic and social upheavals. It is hard to foresee what technical and cultural level will be maintained in the capitalist countries. This one thing is certain: a victorious revolution in, let us say, Germany or England, and, moreover, in all of Europe in conjunction with our Soviet system and our natural resources would stimulate immensely the development of the productive forces both in our country, and in Germany, England, or the whole of Europe—on new socialistic bases. Such a course of events would also, naturally, accelerate the coming of the revolution in the United States.

Q. What is the most important achievement of Communism in the Soviet Union since 1921?

A. We have reconstructed our industry and attained the pre-war volume of production. . . . For the first time in history socialism has proved by this that it is able to raise the productive forces of the country. . . . In connection with the question of the war danger I return to the question of the differences in our party. . . . First of all we would ask you to make this clear to yourself, that here we deal with differences within one party which has been welded together in all its previous history of struggle underground, by the battles during the November revolution, by the Civil War, by the socialist reconstruction, by internal iron discipline. It is hardly to be expected that these differences could lead toward such events as our enemies are counting or would like to count on. That which separates us is incomparably smaller than that which binds us. Some of the most hostile, most lying, and most muddled foreign newspapers have attempted to attach even war possibilities to the struggle within our party. Such calculations or hopes are basically false. . . . We have remained the same revolutionists as at the time when we raised the banner of revolt against the autocracy of the czars, against the bourgeoisie, against the war; and if our enemies think that since then we have become fat and lazy on our government positions they will be sorely disappointed.

Q. Is not the day near when Soviet Russia will permit freedom of opinion in social life both for the workers and for all those who are not in agreement with the policies of the Government?

A. We would immediately sign an obligation of this kind, if those present would sign a parallel obligation that our world enemies with the enormous material means at their disposal would not intervene in our internal life with the aim of aiding the exploiting classes to overthrow the Soviet regime and turn the country back upon the road to capitalism. . . . Humanity is divided into two main camps: the revolutionary proletariat and the imperialistic bourgeoisie. Everything that occupies a position in between these two joins in critical moments the one camp or the other. The struggle does not cease for a single day. It is not a matter of the abstract freedom of abstract opinions. The question is whether this country is to be a socialist or a capitalist country. . . . Humanity divided by class antagonisms is not a debating society. In their struggle the classes resort to all means of persuasion and coercion. We are the pioneers of a new social order. Our enemies are incomparably more numerous. They are wealthier, better armed than we. They are watching every step we make. . . . For the aims of their struggle against us our enemies need the so-called "democratic liberties." We will not concede it. As before, we will defend by all means of persuasion and coercion at our disposal the dictatorship of the proletariat, which is the only road toward a new actually free human society. If, however, the present or absent friends will promise to eliminate the rule of the banks, trusts, armies, dreadnaughts, airplanes on land, on sea, and in the air, we will promise that same day to give full and unlimited freedom to all parties and all factions.

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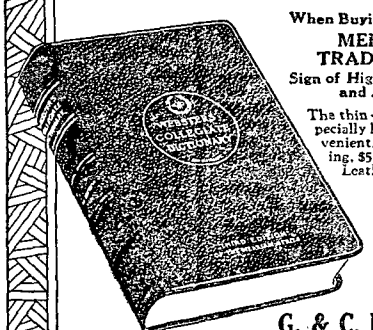

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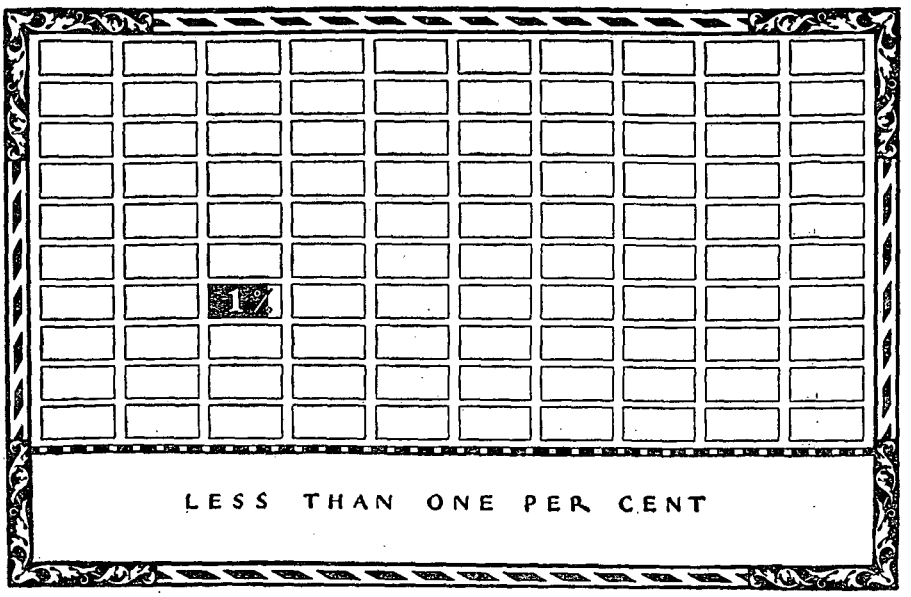

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Trotzky Corrected

The *Pravda*, speaking for the Communist Party, made corrections to some of the answers, as follows:

On the question whether the Soviet state is a democracy: To the question put by the members of the American delegation in this form, Comrade Trotzky has not given the correct Leninist answer. Instead of emphasizing the fact that the Soviet state represents a proletarian democracy, which is a higher form as compared with the bourgeois democracy, Comrade Trotzky missed the class conception of democracy and substituted for it the incorrect contrasting of "democracy in general" and "dictatorship in general" which is contained in the formulation of the question by the delegates. As a result, Comrade Trotzky reduced the whole question of democracy to the "camouflage" which is needed for the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie but is not needed for the dictatorship of the proletariat, thus failing to emphasize the proletarian democracy which is the basis of the proletarian dictatorship and overlooking a historical fact of the greatest importance: the unprecedented development of democracy under the Soviet regime.

In answering the question . . . whether the day is not near when Soviet Russia will permit the freedom of opinion in public life both for the workers as well as for all those who are not in agreement with the policies of the Government . . . Comrade Trotzky essentially dwelt only on the question of the bourgeois parties. He entirely left without a reply the allegation that there is no "freedom of opinion" for workers. . . . We think that an acquaintance with the facts of Soviet reality will convince the members of the delegation that the allegation that there is no freedom of opinion for workers in the USSR is false and slanderous. In our country more than sixty million of the toiling population over eighteen years of age, irrespective of race, sex or nationality, enjoy the right of voting. During the last election campaign more than 50 per cent of this number actively participated in electing the members of the soviets. . . . In our country elections mean the personal participation of the voters in the meetings where the reports of the work of the soviets are heard and discussed . . . and the candidacies of the persons running for soviet posts are discussed and decided upon. More than thirty million workers and peasants exercised this right during the last campaign when the now-functioning soviets had been elected. The number of active participants in the elections is growing from year to year. Not a single bourgeois country can boast of that much. . . . It is true there is no freedom of opinion for bourgeois and anti-proletarian parties the aim of which is to overthrow the rule of the working class and to restore capitalism. But this fact has nothing to do with the freedom of opinion for workers. It is for this reason that ours is a proletarian and not a bourgeois democracy, a democracy for the poor and not for the rich, for the workers and toiling masses of the city and country and not for the capitalists and landlords.

Comrade Trotzky stated that in the Soviet Union . . . "dissatisfaction is a force moving forward. . . ." In that general form in which the assertion was made ("while there are class differences," "dissatisfaction is inevitable"—this apparently refers to the dissatisfaction of classes) it is true in regard only to capitalist countries where the class dissatisfaction of the working masses is a revolutionary force "moving forward. . . ." In a country where the power is in the hands of the proletariat, class dissatisfaction is shown in the first place by the bourgeoisie. . . . This counter-revolutionary dissatisfaction can in no way be recognized from the viewpoint of the proletariat as a "force moving forward," and this is what may be inferred from Comrade Trotzy's statement.

We consider entirely incorrect the answer given by Comrade Trotzky to the question whether the Soviet Union is in a position to overtake the advanced capitalist countries. . . . There are fields in which we have overtaken the capitalist countries long since (the soviet system as a form of proletarian dictatorship and as a higher type of democracy; the successes of the socialist economic method which subjects the public economy as a whole to the interests of the proletariat and the toiling masses). . . . Supposing that the question of the American delegation referred only to the technical achievements of the Soviet industry . . . we can overtake the capitalist world in this field also under the condition that our development will not be obstructed by intervention on the part of foreign imperialists. This success is guaranteed by the advantages of socialist management and economic planning.

Contributors to This Issue

Norman Hapgood is the author of several books, including "Industry and Progress" and "The Advancing Hour."

Louis Francis Budenz is the managing editor of *Labor Age*.

Ruth Crawford made an extensive trip through South America last summer.

K. M. Ratcliffe, wife of S. K. Ratcliffe, English journalist, went to Italy with Gertrude Winslow as delegate of the American Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

Freda Kirchwey is managing editor of *The Nation*.

Kathleen Millay is to publish a volume of poems this fall.

Nathaniel Schmidt is professor of Semetic languages and oriental history at Cornell University.

Harry Elmer Barnes is the author of "The Genesis of the World War."

Joseph Jastrow is to lecture on psychology this year at the New School for Social Research.

W. Norman Brown is professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

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